

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
HENRY PETERSON, ASSISTANT.

PHILADELPHIA. SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 6, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER 1802, 1863.

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TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, \$2.00
Four copies " " 6.00
Eight " " and one to get up of club, 12.00
Twenty " " and one to get up of club, 20.00

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE SAD SEA WAVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY AUGUST BELL.

Wearily, oh, wearily,
Sat I looking out to sea,
And the waves crept moaning to the shore,
Telling all their plaintive story o'er,
How they pinched once more to be
Little laughing brooks among the hills,
Or, in meadows, violet bordered rills.

Oh, the evening gray swept down,
While I heard speak from the sea,
In the wild waves' walling undertone,
Something that my heart claimed for its own,
For it somehow seemed to me,
Our own life with its dull shade of pain
Was the same sad story o'er again.

Pitifully, pitifully,
Echoed up their woes to me,
How the cold and cruel-hearted Ocean
Made them beat the sands in endless motion,
And the hill-born billows writhed to be
Hiding wrecks and bodies of the dead,
While the stern stars judged them overhead.

Hopelessly, hopelessly,
Looking on the dreary sea,
Counted I wrecked dreams, dead loves, and
more,
Which my life all-hiding floweth o'er,
While my whole soul pines to be
In its holy childhood back again,
Unaware of all Earth's sin and pain.



THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE,"
"EAST LYNN," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the
year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the
Clerk's Office of the District Court for the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

FASTENED OUT.

Report Trevlyn rang—and rang. But there came back no answering sign that the ring was heard. The door was not opened: the house, in its utter stillness, might have been taken for the house of the dead. A light shone in Mrs. Chattaway's dressing-room; and Rupert stood back, looking at it: but he could see no shadow falling on the blind. He took up some gravel, and gently threw it against the window. This dressing-room adjoined Mrs. Chattaway's own sitting room; both of them looked to the front of the house: the bed-room, occupied jointly by Mr. and Mrs. Chattaway, bore another aspect. The dressing-room was between the two rooms, a door from it opening into each. Mrs. Chattaway used it exclusively; Rupert therefore did not fear that the gravel would strike on the ears of Chattaway.

Even if Chattaway should be gone up stairs. But Rupert doubted it. If Chattaway had gone up, he had done it on purpose, in his spite against Rupert; for the usual hour for retiring at the Hold was eleven o'clock, though Mrs. Chattaway frequently went up earlier.

There came no response to the gravel: not so much as the form of a hand on the blind. Rupert stood back, and watched uneasily. He was growing cold; he was growing tired. His run from Trevlyn farm had put him into a perspiration—a little exertion would do that, in his weak bodily health—and now it was being succeeded by a

shivering chill. Presently he took up another handful of gravel, and sent it against the window.

He had not to wait very long this time. Cautiously, slowly, as though the very movement feared being heard, the blind was drawn aside, and the face of Mrs. Chattaway, wet with streaming tears, appeared, looking down at him. He could see that she had not begun to undress. She shook her head; she raised her hands, and clasped them with a gesture of deprecating despair; and her lips formed themselves into the words, "I may not let you in."

He could not read the words; but he read the expression of the whole all to clearly—that Chattaway would not suffer him to be admitted. Mrs. Chattaway, dreading possibly that her husband might cast his eyes inside her dressing-room, quietly let fall the blind again, and removed her shadow from the window.

Now what was Rupert to do? Lie down on the level grass there that skirted the avenue, and take his night's rest under the trees, with the cold air freezing him, and the night dew wetting him? A strong frame, revelling in superfluous health, might risk that; but not Rupert Trevlyn.

He had walked round the house, and tried its back entrance. It was quite fast. He knocked at it, but no answer came. He looked up at the windows; lights shone in one or two of the upper rooms; but there came no sign that anybody meant to let him in.

A momentary thought came over him that he would go back to Trevlyn farm, and crave a night's shelter there. He would have done it, but for the recollection of Mrs. Ryle's stern voice and stern face when she remarked to him that, as he knew the rule made for his going in, he need not break it. Rupert had never got on too cordially with Mrs. Ryle. He remembered shrinking from her haughty face when he was a little child: and somehow she shrank from it still. No: he would not knock them up at Trevlyn farm.

What must he do? Should he walk about until morning? Should he sit down on the upper step of the door-sill, inside the portico, and cower in the angle for the night? Suddenly a thought came to him—were the Canhams in bed? If not, he could get in there, and lie on their settle. The Canhams never went to bed very early. Ann Canham sat up to lock the great gate—it was

and the claymore to the Highlander, the scythe to the Pole. They are early trained to its most effective use as a weapon of destruction, and have attained to such dexterity that it is said

that, at one sweep, a dexterous scytheman can cut off a man's head. The Russian soldier holds this rapidly improvised bayonet and sword in great dread, and, we are informed, that the

Russian infantry in line seldom stand before a resolute charge of warriors thus equipped, and who hold their lives as nothing to the objects for which they fight.

He went up stairs smiling. He had to pass the angle of the corridor where his mother's rooms were situated. She glided silently out as he was going by. Her dress was off then, and she had apparently thrown a shawl over her shoulders to come out to him. It was an old-fashioned spun silk shawl, with a gray border, its middle white: not so white, however, as the face of Mrs. Chattaway.

"Cris! Cris!" she said, laying her hand upon his arm, and speaking in the faintest, most timorous of whispers, "why did you not let him in?"

"I thought we had been ordered not to let him in," returned he of the deceitful nature.

"I have been ordered. I know that."

"You might have done it just for once, Cris," his mother wailed. "I know not what will become of him, out of doors on this sharp night."

Cris disengaged his arm, and continued his way up to his room. He slept on the upper floor. Maude was standing at the door of her chamber when he passed—as Mrs. Chattaway had been.

"Cris—wait a minute," she said, for he was hastening by. "I want to speak a word to you. Have you seen Rupert?"

"Seen him and heard him too," boldly avowed Cris. "He wanted me to let him in."

"Which, of course, you would not do," answered Maude, bitterly. "I wonder if you ever performed a good-natured action in your life?"

"Can't remember," mockingly retorted Cris.

"Where is Rupert? What is he going to do?"

"You know where he is, as well as I do. I suppose you could hear him. As to what he's going to do, I didn't ask him. He's in a tree, perhaps, like the birds."

Maude retreated into her room and closed the door. She flung herself on a chair, and burst into a flood of passionate tears. Her heart ached for her brother with an aching that amounted to agony: she could have forced down her proud spirit and knelt to Mr. Chattaway to beg clemency 'o' him: she could have almost sacrificed her own life if it might bring comfort to Rupert, whom she loved so well.

He—Rupert—had stamped off from the door when it was closed against him by Cris Chattaway: I fear he felt that he should

was stamping one foot on the floor, tearing the cramp out of it, when old Canham entered, leaning on a crutch. Ann had held him the river, and it got the old man up to save his life.

"But who sent you out, Master Rupert?" asked the old man.

"Chattaway."

"Ann says that Mr. Cris went in pretty late last night. After she had locked the big gate."

"Cris came up while I was ringing to be let in. He went in himself, but would not let me enter."

"He's a reptile," said old Canham in his anger. "Eh, me?" he added, sitting down with difficulty in his arm-chair, and extending the crutch out before him, "what a misery it would have been if poor Mr. Joe had lived! Chattaway would never have been stuck up in authority then. Better that the squire had left Trevlyn Hold to Miss Diana."

"They say he would not leave it to a woman."

"That's true, Master Rupert. And of his children there were but his daughters left. The two sons had gone. The heir Rupert first; he died abroad; and Mr. Joe, he went next."

"I say, Mark Canham, why did the heir, Rupert, go abroad?"

Old Canham shook his head.

"Ah, it was a bad business, Master Rupert. It's as well not to talk of it."

"But why did he go?" persisted Rupert.

"It was a bad business, I say. He, the heir, had fallen into wild ways, had got to like bad company, and that. He went out one night with some poachers—just for the fun of it. It wasn't on these lands. He meant no harm, but he was young and random, and he went out and put a gun over his face as they did, just, I say, for the fun of it. Master Rupert, that night they killed a gamekeeper."

A shiver of dismay passed through Rupert's frame.

"He killed him do you mean?—my uncle Rupert Trevlyn!"

"No, it wasn't he that killed him—as was proved a long while afterwards. But you see at the time it wasn't known exactly who had done it; they were all in league, as may be said; all in the mess. Any way, the young heir, whether in his fear or his shame, perhaps both, went off in secret, and before many months had gone over, the bells here were tolling for him. He had died far away."

"But people never could have believed that he, a Trevlyn, killed a man!" said Rupert indignant.

Old Canham paused.

"You have heard of the Trevlyn temper, Master Rupert?"

"Who hasn't?" returned Rupert. "They say I have got a touch of it."

"Well, those that believe it said it to that temper, you see. They thought the heir had been overtaken by a fit of passion that wasn't to be governed, and might have done the mischief in it. In them attacks of passion a man is mad."

"He is," abstractedly remarked Rupert, falling into a reverie. He had never before heard this episode in the history of the uncle whose name he bore—Rupert Trevlyn.

CHAPTER XIX.

NO BREAKFAST FOR RUPERT.

Old Canham stood at the door of his lodge, his bald head stretched out. He was gazing after one who was winding through the avenue, in the direction of Trevlyn Hold, one whom it was old Canham's delight to patronize and make much of in his humble way; whom he encouraged in all sorts of vain and delusive notions—Rupert Trevlyn. Could Mr. Chattaway have divined that bitter treason was talked against himself nearly every time Rupert dropped into the lodge, he might have tried hard to turn old Canham out of it. Harmless treason, however; consisting of rebellious words only. There was neither plotting nor hatching; old Canham and Rupert never glanced at that; both were perfectly aware that Chattaway held his place by a sure tenure, which could not be shaken.

Many years ago, before Squire Trevlyn died, Mark Canham had grown ill in his service. In his direct service he had caught the violent cold which ended in an incurable rheumatic affection. The squire settled him in the lodge, then just vacant, and allowed him five shillings a week. When the squire died, Chattaway would have undone this. He wished to turn the old man out again (but that must be observed in a parenthesis that though universally styled Old Canham,

the man was far off in years than in appearance, and to place some one else in the lodge. I think, when there is no love lost between people, as the saying runs, each side is conscious of it. Chatta-way disliked Mark Canham, and he had a shrewd suspicion that Mark returned the feeling with interest. But he found that he could not dismiss him from the lodge, for Miss Trevlyn put her veto upon it. She openly declared that Squire Trevlyn's act, in placing his old servant there, should be reverenced, she promised Mark that he should not be turned out of it so long as he lived. Chatta-way had no resources but to bow to it; he might not cross Diana Trevlyn; but he did succeed in reducing the weekly allowance by just half. Half-a-crown per week was all the certain money enjoyed by the lodge since the time of Squire Trevlyn. Miss Diana sometimes gave a trifle from her private purse; and the gardener was allowed to make an occasional present of vegetables that were in danger of spoiling; at the beginning of winter, too, a load of wood would be stacked in the shed behind the ledge, through the kind forethought of Miss Diana. But it was not much altogether to keep two people upon; and Ann Canham was glad to accept of a day's hard work offered her at any of the neighboring houses, or to do a little plain sewing at home. Very fine sewing she could not do, for she suffered from her eyes; which were generally more or less inflamed.

Old Canham watched Rupert until the turnings of the avenue hid him from view, and then drew back into the room. Ann was busy with the breakfast. A loaf of oatmeal bread was on the cloths table, and a basin of skim milk, which she had just made hot, was placed before her father. A smaller cup of it served for her own share; and that constituted their breakfast. Three mornings a week Ann Canham had the privilege of fetching a quart of skim milk from the dairy at the Hold. Chatta-way growled at the extravagance of the gift, but he did no more, for it was Miss Diana's pleasure that it should be supplied.

"Chatta-way'll go a bit too far, if he don't mind," observed Old Canham to his daughter, turning to Rupert. "He must be of a bad nature, to lock him out of his own house. For the matter of that, however, he is of a bad one; and it's known he is."

"It is not his own, father," Ann Canham ventured to say in dissent. "Poor Master Rupert haven't got no right to it now."

"It's a shame but what he had. Why! Chatta-way has got no more moral right to that fine estate than I have!" added the old man, holding out his left arm straight in the heat of argument, the arm that was not helpless. "If Master Rupert and Miss Maude were dead—if Joe Trevlyn had never left a child at all—there's others would have a right to it before Chatta-way."

"But Chatta-way has got it, father, and nobody can't alter it, or hinder his having it," sensibly returned Ann Canham. "You'll have your milk cold."

The breakfast hour at Trevlyn Hold was early, and when Rupert entered, he found most of the family down stairs. You will readily have understood that this was the morning following Rupert's locking out by Mr. Chatta-way. He, Rupert, ran up stairs to his bedroom, where he washed, and refreshed himself as much as was possible after his hard night. He was one upon whom only a night's lack of bed would seriously tell. When he descended to the breakfast-room, they were all assembled except Cris and Mrs. Chatta-way. Cris was given to lying in bed in a morning, and the self indulgence was winked at. Mrs. Chatta-way also was apt to be behind-hand, coming down generally when the breakfast was nearly over.

Rupert took his place at the breakfast-table. Mr. Chatta-way, who was at that moment raising his coffee cup to his lips, put it down and stared at him. As he might have stared had some stranger from the outside intruded and sat down among them.

"What do you want?" asked Mr. Chatta-way.

"Want?" repeated Rupert, not understanding. "Only my breakfast."

"Which you will not get here," calmly and coldly returned Mr. Chatta-way. "If you cannot come home to sleep at night, you shall not get your breakfast here in the morning."

"I did come home," said Rupert. "But I was not let in."

"Of course you were not. The household had retired."

"Cris came home after I did, and was allowed to enter," objected Rupert again.

"That is no business of yours," said Mr. Chatta-way. "All you have to do is to obey the rules I lay down. And I will have them obeyed," he added, more sternly.

Rupert sat on, unoccupied. Octave, who was presiding at the breakfast-table, did not give him any coffee; nobody attempted to hand him anything to eat. Maude was seated opposite to him; he could see that the uneasiness was agitating her painfully; that her color went and came; that she toyed with her breakfast, but could not swallow it; least of all, dared she interfere to give even so much as a bit of dry bread to her ill-fated brother.

"Where did you sleep last night, pray?" inquired Mr. Chatta-way, pausing in the midst of helping himself to some pigeons, as he looked at Rupert to put the question.

"Outside," briefly and roughly answered Rupert. The unkindness seemed to be

changing its very nature. It had continued long and long; it had been shown in many and various forms.

The master of Trevlyn Hold finished helping himself to the pie, and began eating it with great apparent relish. He was about half-way through the plateful when he again stopped to address Rupert, who was sitting in silence, nothing but the table cloth before him.

"You need not wait. If you stop there until mid-day, you'll get no breakfast. Gentlemen who sleep 'outside' do not break their fast in my house."

Rupert pushed back his chair, and rose.

Happening to glance across at Maude, he saw that her tears were dropping silently. Oh, it was an unhappy home for them both! Rupert crossed the hall to the door; he thought he might as well depart at once for Blackstone. Fine as the morning was, the air, as he passed out, struck him with a chill, and he turned back to get an overcoat. Biting up does not impart a sense of additional warmth to the frame.

It was in his bedroom. As he came down with it on his arm, Mrs. Chatta-way was crossing the corridor to descend. She drew him inside her sitting-room.

"I could not sleep," she murmured; "I was awake nearly all night, grieving and thinking of you. Just before daylight I dropped into a sleep, and then I dreamt that you were running up to the door from the rising waves of these—which were rushing onwards to overtake you. I thought you were knocking at the door, and we could not get down to it in time, and the waters came on and on. Rupert, darling, all this is telling upon me. Why did you not come to me?"

"I meant to be in, Aunt Edith; indeed I did; but I was playing at chess with George and, did not notice the time. It was but just turned half-past when I got here; Mr. Chatta-way might have let me in without any great stretch of indulgence," he added, his tone one of bitterness. "So might Cris."

"What did you do?" she asked.

"I got in at old Canham's, and lay on their settle. Don't repeat this, or it may get me into trouble."

"I have not had breakfast yet."

The words startled her. "Rupert!"

"Mr. Chatta-way ordered me from the table. The next thing, I expect, he will be ordering me from the house. If I knew where to go, I'd not stop in it another day. I would not, Aunt Edith."

"Have you had nothing—nothing?"

"Nothing. I'd go round to the dairy and get a draught of milk, but that I expect I should be told upon. I'm off to Blackstone now. Good-bye."

The tears were filling her eyes as she lifted them in their sad yearning. He stooped and kissed her.

"Don't grieve, Aunt Edith. You can't make it better for me. I have got the cramp like anything," he carelessly observed as he went off. "It is through lying in the cold on that hard settle."

"Rupert! Rupert!"

He turned back, half in alarm. The tone was one of painful, wild entreaty.

"You will come home to-night, Rupert?"

"Yes, depend upon me."

She remained a few minutes longer, to watch him down the avenue. He had put on his coat then, and went along with slow and hesitating steps; they did not seem like the firm, careless steps of a hearty frame, springing from a happy heart. Mrs. Chatta-way pressed her hands upon her brow, lost in a painful vision. If his father, her once dearly-beloved brother Joe, could be looking on at the injustice done on earth, what would he think of the portion of it meted out to Rupert?

She descended to the breakfast-room. Mr. Chatta-way had finished his breakfast and was rising. She kissed her children one by one; she sat down patiently and silently, smiling with outward cheerfulness. Octave passed her a cup of coffee, which was cold; and they asked her what she would take to eat. But she said she was not hungry that morning, and would eat nothing.

"Rupert's gone away without his breakfast, mamma," cried Emily. "Papa would not let him have it. Serve him right! He stayed out all night."

Mr. Chatta-way stole a glance at Maude. She was sitting pale and quiet, her bread-and-butter uneaten before her; her air that of one who has to bear some long, wearing pain.

"If you have finished your breakfast, Maude, you can be getting ready to take the children for their walk," said Octave, speaking with her usual assumption of authority—an assumption which Maude, at least, might not dispute.

Mr. Chatta-way left the room, and ordered his horse to be got ready. He was going to ride over to Blackstone an hour before proceeding to his land. While the animal was being saddled, he rejoiced his eyes with his rich stores: the corn heaped in his barns, the fine ricks of hay in his rick-yard. All very satisfactory, very consoling to the covetous mind of the master of Trevlyn Hold.

He went out, riding blithely and blithely. Half an hour afterwards, when in the lane, spoken of previously, which skirted Mrs. Ryle's lands on the one side and his on the other, he saw another horseman before him. It was George Ryle. Mr. Chatta-way touch-

ed his horse with the spur, and rode up to him at a hand gallop. George turned his head, saw it was Mr. Chatta-way, and continued his way. That gentleman had been better pleased that George had stopped.

"Are you hastening to avoid me, Mr. Ryle?" he called out, in his sulky temper. "You might have seen that I wished to speak to you, by the pace to which I urged my horse."

George reined in, and turned to face Mr. Chatta-way.

"I saw nothing of the sort," he answered.

"Had I known that you wanted me, I should have stopped; but it is no unusual circumstance for me to see you riding fast about your land."

"Well, what I have to say is this: that I'd recommend you not to get Rupert Trevlyn to your house at night, and to keep him there to unreasonable hours."

George paused.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Chatta-way."

"Don't you?" retorted that gentleman. "I'm not talking Dutch. Rupert Trevlyn has taken to frequent your house of late: it's not altogether good for him."

"I could not sleep," she murmured; "I was awake nearly all night, grieving and thinking of you. Just before daylight I dropped into a sleep, and then I dreamt that you were running up to the door from the rising waves of these—which were rushing onwards to overtake you. I thought you were knocking at the door, and we could not get down to it in time, and the waters came on and on. Rupert, darling, all this is telling upon me. Why did you not come to me?"

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"Mr. Chatta-way ordered me from the table. The next thing, I expect, he will be ordering me from the house. If I knew where to go, I'd not stop in it another day. I would not, Aunt Edith."

"But to receive him courteously when he does come, I cannot help doing," continued George. "I shall do it still, Mr. Chatta-way. If Trevlyn Farm is to be a forbidden house to Rupert, it is not from our side that the interdict shall come. So long as Rupert pays us these visits of friendship—and what harm you can think they do him, or why he should not pay them, I am unable to conceive—so long he will be met with a welcome."

"How do you say this to oppose me?"

"Far from it. If you will look at the case in an unprejudiced light, you may perhaps see that I speak in accordance with the common usages of civility. To shut the doors of our house on Rupert when there exists no reason why they should be shut—and most certainly he has given us none—would be a breach of good feeling and good manners that we might blush to be guilty of."

"You have been opposing me all the later years of your life, George Ryle. From that past time when I wished to place you with Wall and Barnes, you have done nothing but act in opposition to me."

"I have forgiven that," said George, smiling, a glow rising to his face at the recollection. "As to any other opposition, I am unconscious of it. You have given me advice occasionally respecting the farm; but the advice has not in general tallied with my own opinion, and therefore I have not taken it. If you call that opposing you, Mr. Chatta-way, I cannot help it."

"I see you have been meaning that fence in the three-cornered paddock," remarked Mr. Chatta-way, passing to another subject, and speaking in a different tone. Possibly, he had had enough of the last.

"Those marriages generally prove the happiest when the affections of the young are blessed by the approbation of the wisdom of those older. The young alone are too blind for prudence, and the parents alone would be too cautious to be sufficiently trusting at times to favor Providence and the unknown future. But where great peoples forget in their softness or their folly the important principle of nationality, and allow themselves to value their particular family more than they value their name and fame as a nation, then the hour of their political scruples and degradation draws nigh."

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SKETCHES OF POLISH HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. D. B.

I.

In order fully to comprehend the causes of the misfortunes which have befallen the Polish nation, it is necessary to consider the original of its institutions, and the changes which they underwent from the first permanent settlement of Sarmatia up to the time, when weakened by internal dissensions, it fell a prey to the covetousness of its powerful neighbors.

Out of the chaos which followed the dismemberment of the Roman Empire there gradually arose many independent communities, differing in manners and language, yet most all partaking of the same general character. The influence of Christianity and of civilized society tempered the ferocity of the conquerors of the fabric of Augustus, and in the fertile fields of Italy, and Gaul, on the shores of northern Africa, and amidst the sierras of Spain, the Ostrogoths, the Frank, the Vandal, and the Visigoth were content to lay aside their nomadic habits, and to assume the manners, dress and language of their Roman slaves. This intermixure of the northern, forest-born customs with the refinements of the civil law gave birth to a system of jurisprudence, which culminated in the Feudal structure, and traces of which are still visible in the constitutions of many of the states of Western Europe. In the East a narrow circle marked the confines of the once omnipotent Empire, preserved from utter annihilation only by the strong walls of the city of Constantine, which for centuries presented an insurmountable bulwark to the hordes who followed with blind enthusiasm the standards of the successors of their great prophet.

Whilst the Persian and the Turk hung like birds of prey over the dying Empire of the East, and whilst a new Constantine was reconstituting the provinces of the West, the hiatus left on the northern side of the Danube was being filled with fresh emigrants from the populous regions of Tauria. Sarmatia was the "valley of passengers;" successive waves of barbaric invaders had swept across its territory, pressing onward to revel in the spoils which awaited them on the other side of the Danube and the Rhine; and finally it received its permanent population from a Slavonic tribe, probably identical with that which settled the country lying eastward of it, now embraced in the Russian Empire. But the various migrations of the nations which occupied the territories of Northern Europe, are so wrapt in obscurity, that even the labors of a Gibbon and a De Bate have not been able satisfactorily to determine the precise limits of their different dominions.

The free air of Sarmatia a race of shepherds lived in wild independence, uncontaminated by the vices of Southern Europe, and their manners unaltered during the progress of many generations. They wandered with their cattle, families, and scanty household furniture hither and thither over their vast uncultivated plains, as fancy or the allurements of superior pasture dictated. Pitching their tents by the side of some limpid stream, they left their cattle to graze in the rich meadows, whilst their wives and Roman slaves performed those menial tasks in which their masters disdained to engage. Mounted on fleet horses of the "Ukraine breed," covered with barbaric ornaments, carrying in their hands their terrible climer, they broke in on the peaceful settlers of the Roman border, spreading terror and destruction; and retreating in safety to their native wilds, gloried in their achievements, and defied the revenge of the prefects of the provinces. In this state of combined pastoral monotony, and warlike excitement, in peace and in tumult, amidst the clashing of arms, and the gurgling of brooks those principles of an aristocratic supremacy and equality, to which the Polish nobility have ever clung such a tenacious hold, were originated and fostered. Each of the nation as sat upon his charger, whose spirit was as dauntless as his own, claimed as his *free-dom* that liberty of action which belongs to a state of nature anterior to the formation of society. But the consciousness of their individual weakness and mutual dependency must soon lead even the fiercest of mankind to unite for self-preservation; and, therefore, we find the fierce shepherds of Sarmatia forming themselves into principalities, each under a chief, who derived all his authority from the acquisitiveness of his subjects, from whom he was distinguished only by superior wealth and greater brilliancy of personal adornments. Thus divided into independent provinces, without any bond of union or sympathy existing between them, Sarmatia suffered all the horrors of oppression and intestine warfare. How could there be prosperity where rival chiefs sought by dint of arms to encroach on each other's possessions, and where a proud and reckless aristocracy trampled on the rights of an ignorant and impoverished peasantry? The scenes here enacted were similar to those which were displayed on the theatre of France previous to the accession of the house of Capet to the throne of that great kingdom. As in France so in Poland the oppressed populace strove by the creation of a central power to curb the injustice of their immediate masters; and the elevation of Cracow to the dominion of an united coun-

try drew a ray of hope over the opening years of the eighth century. But the results of this centralization of power were not equal to the wishes and expectations of its authors, for the Duke had little authority save that which was delegated to him by the turbulent and jealous nobility, and he could only claim the title of "Prince inter pares." In their isolated situation, undisturbed by external affairs, the nobles furiously resisted the slightest encroachments on their ancient rights, and the feeble monarch, destitute of support, gradually yielded to the pressure which they had endeavored to withstand, and parting with the substance only retained the shadow of a royal prerogative.

The city of Cracow perpetuates the name of the first Polish Duke, but the events of his reign are concealed in the obscurity of ages. His posterity having failed, a peasant named Piastus was, in the year 882, elevated to the ducal dignity; but the motives, which prompted the nobility to consent to the election of one of that portion of humanity which they oppressed and despised, are not discoverable; but certainly the event proved the wisdom of the selection. In a long and auspicious reign the illustrious peasant curbed the passions of his subjects, exalted the central power, ameliorated the condition of his own caste; and died at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty years, beloved, feared, and regretted. With such pleasure and gratitude did the nation regard his memory that each succeeding native monarch accepted as an honorable title, at his coronation, the name of Piast, just as the Roman emperors added to their own, often barbarous names, the title of Caesar or Augustus.

The history of the immediate successors of the long lived Duke is entangled in much obscurity, and it is not until the reign of Boleslaus that we can discover any traces of that authenticity which is so essential to historical narrative, and even the accounts of his times are not a little confused. At the age of twenty-five years he ascended the throne, expelled from the dukedom his two brothers, who were joint heirs with himself; assumed the title of King, and boldly declared his intention to maintain the royal prerogative. This event happened in the year 992, when the chair of St. Peter was filled by Gregory V., who refused to place the crown on the head of the new monarch. Boleslaus earnestly commenced to reform the abuses which were prevalent in the kingdom; and by disciplining the armies, and training, in person, selected youth of the nation, he was soon prepared to enlarge the bounds of his territory. Prussia, Moravia, and Bohemia, were invaded, conquered, and annexed, and had his ambition been commensurate with his power, he might have established himself in Russia and Lithuania. But his fame as a warrior and conqueror is eclipsed by the memory of his exertions to ensure to his people the blessings of liberty and justice. With his own eyes he inspected the reports of the investigations of the magistrates; and a council of twelve of the wisest men of the kingdom visited yearly the different provinces, inquiring into the condition of the peasantry, hearing their complaints, and striving to restrain the cruelty of the aristocratic task-masters. Soon after he had solemnly crowned himself in the presence of an assembly of Christian bishops, who prudently acknowledged him to be the lawful ruler of the monarchy of Poland, in the forty-eighth year of his age this great King gave up the ghost. His successor, Boleslaus II., having married the heiress of Red Russia, that province was added to the Polish dominions.

The reigns of the Piasts after the death of Boleslaus present but little attractive history, until we reach the name of Casimir III., the "Father of the Peasantry;" which title leads us to consider more particularly the condition of the two great classes into which the inhabitants of Poland have ever been divided. The nobility were originally the proprietors of the soil, and with their estates claimed the possession of the hoors who inhabited them. Disdaining any industrial or commercial employment they retained the profession of arms as their peculiar birth-right; too proud to combat on foot they formed a body of cavalry inferior to none in the world as far as valor, personal appearance, and excellence of horses availed; but their independent spirit was destructive to discipline, and their fierce charges were of little avail against the death vomiting cannon, and solid ranks of the Russian army. Clinging with blind constancy to their ancient customs, they sacrificed their country to their pride; impatient of control, they, who should have been the conservators, were the outragers of the public peace. Freedom from arrest before conviction of crime, was one of their cherished privileges, and the more powerful could violate justice with impunity. In their ceaseless contests with the monarch whom they suffered to reign they ever exhibited the same firmness of purpose to deny that any Prince by hereditary right could rule over the Polish nation. So far was this principle among the nobility of no distinctions among the members of their own order, except such temporary ones as were necessary for the administration of the government, and even these they regarded with great distrust and jealousy.

The peasantry, on the other hand, were the subjects of a merciless slavery, which condemned their bodies to menial labor and their minds to eternal darkness. With no

hopes and no aspirations; ignorant and debased, debauched from commerce, destitute, for the most part, of mechanical skill, they passed their years of bondage in patient toil; for, having never tasted of the blessings of liberty, they were ignorant of its sweet savor.

Commerce and the industrial pursuits thus abandoned by the nobility, and forbidden by external affairs, the nobles furiously resisted the slightest encroachments on their ancient rights, and the feeble monarch, destitute of support, gradually yielded to the pressure which they had endeavored to withstand, and parting with the substance only retained the shadow of a royal prerogative.

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To alleviate the sufferings of the populace, Casimir exerted his utmost powers; but with little success. The enactment of a fine as a penalty for the murder of a peasant was but a slight check on the violence of the gentry, who regarded the former class in the light of chattels, which could be exchanged or annihilated at their owner's pleasure; and by force or duplicity they easily abrogated or evaded all the regulations of the benevolent monarch, who in vain strove by raising a middle class of society to balance the power of the proud aristocracy.

On the decease of Casimir without leaving issue, his nephew, Louis of Hungary, ascended the throne, but in the reign of this Prince all the advantages which his ancestors had gained were recovered by the nobility, who exacted from him certain conditions, which ever after remained as the fundamental principles of the Polish Constitution. Louis left no male heir. After a dominion of four hundred years the Piasts were extinct.

Despairing of agreeing on a native sovereign, the Polish nobility offered the vacant throne to Ladislaus Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania, who solemnly ratified the conditions which had been extorted from his predecessor. With this reign commences the dawn of the era of the so-called Polish Republic.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

12th QUEEN ERIEWA.—The following is a copy of a letter sent to the cleric of a parish church in Gloucester:—"Mister, my wif is ded, and wants to be berrid; dig a grieft for her, and she shall come and be berrid to-morrow, at woner o'clock. You knows where to dig it, close to my other wif; but let it be dip (deep)."

12th A BWACH or WIDDLES, BY LORD DUNDREWAWY.—Why are my widdies like a poor man's which relations?—Becaus, my wif is ded, and wants to be berrid; dig a grieft for her, and she shall come and be berrid to-morrow, at woner o'clock. You knows where to dig it, close to my other wif; but let it be dip (deep)."

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THE DAMAGED TO THE MONITORS.

The private letters from persons in the fleet give more definite details of the condition of the iron-clads than the official despatches. The correspondent of the Boston Journal, writing on board the steamer Narragansett, off Charlestown, April 7th, describes the condition of the monitors, after the fight of that day, as follows:—

"All right, nobody hurt, ready for them again," was the hearty response of Captain Geo. Rodgers, of the Caspian, as I stepped upon the slashed deck of that vessel and grasped the hand of her wide awake commander. He had received about thirty shots. One 300-pounder, thrown evidently from a barbette gun, had fallen with tremendous force upon the deck, bending, but not breaking or penetrating, the iron. On the sides, on the turrets and on the pilot-house were indentations like saucers, but there was no sign of serious damage.

The Nahant comes down to her anchorage with a gashed smoke-stack. Going on board, we found that eleven of her officers and crew had received concussions from the flying of bolt-heads in the turret. One shot had jammed the lower ridge of her turret, inflicting with its reverberation. She had been struck forty times; but, aside from the loss of a few bolt-heads, a diminished draft to her chimney, and the slight jam upon the turret, already mentioned, and the injuries received by the crew, was unharmed. Her armor was intact.

The other monitors had each a few bolts started. Four gun-carriages needed slight repairs, injured, not by the enemy's shot, but by their own recoil. One small-sized shot had ripped up the plating of the Patapsco and pierced the wood-work beneath. This was the only shot out of the twenty-five hundred or three thousand supposed to have been fired from the forts which penetrated the monitors!

The Wachawken had received three heavy shots upon her side, the indentations close together. The plates were badly bent, but the shot had fallen as harmlessly as pebbles upon the side of a barn.

The Ironides had received thirty balls, all of which had been turned by her armor. She was about one thousand yards from the fort. One 150-pound shot fell upon the sand bags on her deck, doing no damage.

Under date of April 8th, the correspondent remarks:—

The Passaic's turret revolves. Workmen have straightened the gun slides, and the five guns which were temporarily disabled by little things are all right. I am anxious to find the fleet in so excellent a condition.

CHARLESTON TO BE AGAIN ATTACKED.

The Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Commercial* intimates that the President is not pleased with the culmination of the six months of preparation for the reduction of Charleston, into two hours' fighting.

It is no secret, says the letter, that the reconnaissance which accomplished so little is to be followed by a *bombard* attack, which is to be continued so long as an iron-clad can fire a gun.

Another letter to the same paper says the rebels have received confidential intimations that President Lincoln intends to have Charleston re-occupied by the United States authorities.

There is much comment in Washington on the fact of General Hunter having remained an idle spectator of the reconnaissance.

Richmond papers of the 10th contain the following:—

"All was quiet in Charleston. The enemy occupies Coles, Kiawah and Seabrook Islands, in considerable force, being protected by the gun-boats. Their transports have left."

NEWS ITEMS.

A REMEDY FOR POISONING BY STRYCHINE AND MUSHROOMS is announced in England. It consists in making the patient eat large quantities of refined sugar, and in desperate cases opening a vein and injecting sugar water. Its effects are to oxygenate the blood and restore the circulation.

The Sacramento Union makes the following startling announcement. That no one was hurt is the greatest wonder!—The schooner Commandor sailed yesterday morning for San Francisco, firing a parting salute of one gun, with forty cords of wood and eighteen tons of flour, from Knight's Landing.

CAPT. ALDEN, of the sloop-of-war Richmond, discovered a new plan of producing artificial moonlight, while attempting recently to pass Port Hudson on a dark night. He whitewashed the decks, and the consequence was that the heaps of shell, cannister, &c., stood out in bold relief, giving the seamen no trouble to lay hands upon them when wanted, and being of no use to the enemy.

THREE THOUSAND POUNDS OF ILLINOIS COTTON, raised in Washington county, was sold a few days since in Boston at eighty seven and a half cents per pound. Cotton bids for San Francisco, firing a parting salute of one gun, with forty cords of wood and eighteen tons of flour, from Knight's Landing.

A PRESSION OF FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH HAS BEEN GRANTED TO THE WIDOW OF THE LATE GEN. ISAAC L. STEVENS, WHO FELL AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

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COFFEE SUBSTITUTES—ANOTHER.

To the lover of strong, pure coffee, no substitute can be offered that will exactly fill its place. But there are several preparations which may be used as drink, and that answer very well where the milk or cream and sugar are the most desirable parts of the ingredients. Boiled milk, (which is always better than raw milk, for tea as well as coffee,) if well sweetened and creamed, may be flavored with a variety of essences or compounds to suit the tastes of different persons, according to habit. Dandelion root is considerably used now, but it is a medicinal root, and should be reserved to use only as medicine. Chicory root, burned, approaches most nearly in flavor and effects to the genuine coffee, but it is not a safe drink. Continued free use of chicory will seriously affect the nerves, the digestive organs, and ultimately the whole system. We have accounts of the worst consequences resulting to chicory drinkers in Germany—quite equaling those produced by alcoholic liquors drunk to excess.

Rye, bread, corn, rice, meal, barley, pea, etc., have each their advocates, and they answer a good purpose where the taste has not been confirmed for genuine coffee. Just now there are a multitude of manufacturers of "Rye Coffee," "Barley Coffee," "Dandelion Coffee," etc., and each one seems to be doing a good business. They get almost everybody to try one part, and this alone makes a large business. We have examined several of these compounds, some of them recommended quite strongly by those who have purchased and tried them.

A careful analysis of some of the most popular "rye coffee," and "barley coffee" so called, show that they contain disguised chicory, and that they are flavored with burnt sugar. Any one using a home-made coffee of rye, barley, etc., will find a material improvement in the flavor if they smear the grain before brewing with a little syrup made with sugar and water.

The best home-made coffee substitute, among all the numerous specimens recently sent to the *Agricultral* office by subscribers and others, is a sample forwarded by Mr. Eleazar Latham, of Suffolk county, N. Y., which he calls "Long Island Coffee." It yields a quite pleasant-flavored drink, especially when used—as we always use coffee—with a large amount of boiled milk, cream, and sugar, &c. The directions for Mr. L. are to take *coarse* fresh ground *WHEAT BRAN*, sifted clean from flour and fine particles

GONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY H. M. PRATT.

The still Death-Angel stood
Upon our threshold long in a meditative mood,
As something which should be
Of our loved ones led upward to Eternity.
He saw our folded arms
Turned piningly toward the White Throne
beyond the skies;
He heard our pious prayer,
"Oh, Thou, dear God! in mercy our beloved
souls!"
And stepped within his boudoir:
Not long; he entered soon, at God's All-Wise
command,
And when again he spread
His mighty wings for flight our little boy was
dead.
Ah, me! we are so lone!
Our little singing bird is mute,—our dear lover's
gone!
How widely our thoughts rove,
—When this task ends then I will hasten to land
him home.
Alas! it may not be:
He is not now, as it was off our joy to see,
At morn busy play;
Our cold hill-side sleeps our little boy to
day.
No more his hastening foot
Will bring him, with his morning kiss and
smile, to greet
Our fond, expectant eyes;
Deep in his little grave all cold and dead he
lies.
Not dead! but gone before!
Our darling is not lost, though he return no
more.
God has him safe at home;
And in that Heavenly Land he waits until we
come.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I saw the carriage drive away with an indifference that now strikes me with amazement, an utter blindness to "coming events," that tells but little to the credit of my powers of prophecy. I smiled, actually smiled at the dewy eyes that looked into mine from under the shade of Hettie's travelling bonnet, and cracked my fingers at the baby, as if the world had no care for me. Miserable, deluded mortal, my eyes were to be too soon opened to my desolation.

We had been married eighteen months, and this was our first parting; but Hettie's sister was to be married, and Hettie was pre-emptorily summoned to the wedding. Of course she could not leave baby, and of course baby must have Lizzie. Lizzie, be it known, is an old servant of Hettie's mother's, who was promoted six months ago to the honorable post of nurse to Charlie, Junior. Since her increase of duties Hettie had solemnly declared every day, that we must have another servant, and when the invitation came for the wedding, this important article was secured. She had never lived in this city before, but brought what Hettie called such letters from New York, and we engaged her. Three days proved her a perfect treasure, and my little wife left me to go to her mother's with a heart free from all care on the housekeeping question.

I went into the house whistling! and it did not choke me!

"Nora!" this was the name of the perfect treasure, "I shall send home dinner; have it ready at two exactly."

Nora said something from the depths of the kitchen, and I departed. It was very early, for Hettie had taken the first morning train; but somehow the house looked forlorn, with no blue-eyed mistress, and no crowing baby, so I rushed to the store to accomplish an unheard of sight of work, sending home, on my way, a good dinner, roast of beef, early peas, new potatoes, and strawberries.

As dinner time drew near, I found myself unconsciously expecting a romp with baby, and Hettie's bright welcome, but I said "pshaw!" and felt better. Yet I will not deny that I was glad to meet two old cronies of my bachelor days, and ask them to dine with me.

A laughing battery was opened upon me, on my newly acquired liberty, but unaware of what was to come, I laughed too.

"Dinner, Nora!" I cried, as I crossed the entry. Five minutes, ten, twenty, half an hour, three-quarters later, and no summons to dinner. With an apology, I went to ascertain the cause.

"Where's the dinner, Nora?"

"On the fire," came sulkily from the kitchen.

"Why ain't it on the table?"

"Sure the fire is low."

"What's the matter, Charlie?" cried Ned Hayes, from the parlor.

"Are we in the way, old fellow?" shouted Will Lee.

"Not a bit of it," I called back. "I'm only hurrying dinner."

"Do, that's a good fellow, for I must be off," said Ned.

"Come, Nora, you must serve dinner!" I cried hastily, and then ran down into the kitchen. My invaluable servant was "bring-ing up the fire," she informed me, to the startled "What are you doing?" that greeted her proceedings. First she threw in a pound or two on a pile of blazing paper, then fol-

lowed two pork chops, and a can of oil was in her hand when I rushed at her.

"Are you insane, woman?" I cried.
She turned an impudent but sleepy face on me.

"Hey! What do you mean know? You go long, I'll get dinner."

I could not actually assert from my own experience that this was not the orthodox way to kindle a fire, but the roar of the blazing fat, the sickening smell, and blinding smoke were certainly something I had never met with under Hettie's rule.

"How near is dinner ready?" I asked, and then my eye fell on the table, where all I had ordered stood perfectly raw.

"I had cleaned to do!" said Nora, in answer to my angry exclamation.

"Sure I'll cut yess a steak, and fry some potatoes and make a cup of coffee."

She looked sorry, and not about these preparations with such sudden alacrity, that I swallowed my wrath and returned to my friends. We tried to make a joke of it, but we were hungry and miserable. At last the welcome bell summoned us to the dining-room. There was no cloth over the mahogany, and the napkins were missing likewise. At the head of the table stood the frying pan, and in it a large steak burned to a perfect cinder. Facing this was an uncut loaf of bread on the table, and the potatoes burnt as black as the meat were served in a glass preserve dish. Not a knife, fork, plate or tumbler was visible.

I am afraid I swore! I promised Hettie never to do it, but I am horribly afraid her blue eyes would have looked sorry if she had heard the first sentences that flew over the table. Ned and Will were in perfect convulsions of laughter.

"Take the steak in your fingers and see who'll eat to the middle first," said Ned.

"How, gentlemen, is the only specimen extant of a cut-glass potato dish. Going, gentlemen! Stop swearing, Charlie!" said Will.

Mentally resolving to give my treasure her ticket of leave in the evening, I pulled on a good face, and invited the boys to the Continental where we got dinner.

At ten time I rushed home vowing vengeance. No answer met my repeated call, and I went to the kitchen. Under the table, dead drunk, lay the perfect treasure. The dinner still graced the dining-table, the un-washed breakfast dishes stood on the dresser, not a plate was touched, and I walked out of the kitchen in perfect despair. Why I didn't call a policeman is Hettie's wonder, but I actually did not think of it.

There was no rousing her. She lay in a deep stupor, so I left her to sleep off the effects of her folly, and went up stairs.

No wife, no baby, no comfort, "no nothing." I smoked a cigar, and opened a newspaper, but whether it was Tom Thumb that offered the opposition to the honorable gentleman's motions, or Jayne's Cherry Pectoral that was arrested last night for the murder of "Medes" at the new hotel just opened by our enterprising fellow citizen, the Empire Eugenie—or why the new relations with foreign powers so powerfully affected the new shuttle attachment Lard Oil, or interfered with the price of Java shirtings—or whether pork was lively or cheese heavy, or why new hams had not risen, I cannot tell to this day. I tried to whistle and found Ever

Then tumbling over Yankee Doodle, while variations of the Groves of Blarney, somehow turned into We're all a Nodding—which last suggested bed, and up stairs I went, first taking all the matches out of the kitchen and locking the perfect treasure in.

I opened my door, and went toward the gas-burner, my matches in my hand. Something was in the way. I pitched, fell, pulled

something at which I clutched over me,

was suddenly deluged with cold water,

and—smothered under a heap of clothes. I don't know what I said when I got up. I was reckless! I struck a match and lit the gas. Baby's bath-tub, full of water, was my stumbling block, and a chair covered with bedclothes the object I had pulled over me, and into the tub. My bed was unmade, all the litter of a hurried dressing and departure lay around me. I was wet to the skin, and had lost every remnant of patience. I am sure I did not stamp or scold anymore than occasion warranted, but finally tumbled down on the bed, and fell asleep.

The morning light did not beautify that room, much, and the utter impossibility of finding anything in the chaos did not improve matters. I managed to dress and go down stairs. Nora was sitting up, rubbing her sleepy eyes—the baker and milkman had knocked till they were tired and left, so there was a fine prospect for breakfast, but I roused up my servant, sent her to pack her trunk, and saw her leave the house. Then, and not sooner, I went down to the store.

In the afternoon Hettie came home. She discovered that all the spoons, forks, and baby's silver cup, the napkins, towels, and my fine shirts, the parlor ornaments, books, and clock, with other trifles too numerous to mention, were all carried off in the trunk of our

PERFECT TREASURE.

127 Mrs. Browning has said truly, "It takes a soul to move a body. It takes a high-souled man to move the masses. It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breath Off the dust of the actual."

And your Fourniers failed
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within."

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the care and crosses,
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses,
Sordid grievances day by day,
Would we then so often chide
For his lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom it
Back to hearts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest;
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that, when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say "Dear Father, judge us,
As we judge our fellow-men."

HOW OUR GRANDMOTHER
STOPPED THE THIEF.

I am a very old lady. I have very often told my grandchildren the story of how I stopped the thief. And now they beg me to write it down, that they may read my story themselves. When I am dead, they mean. And so I write it.

When I was a little girl, I lived alone in an old country farm-house with my father. Your great-grandmother died, as you have heard, when I was born, and so I was my father's only companion. Dear I loved him, and tenderly he talked to me of all his labors and all his pleasures. At the time I write of was just eleven years old; a merry boisterous girl, with big fearless eyes, and a spirit of achievement that was always getting me into mischief. I could fill pages with my adventures, but I know you only now wish for one.

I must describe our house. It was built in the days of Dutch William, by some one who had learned to love the houses of Holland. The dwelling-house itself was nearly a cube; a great cube of dark red brick. The front door opened into a passage that pierced the block, and ended by another door which led into our farm-yard. There were two tall, narrow windows on either side of the principal door, and five tall, narrow windows on the first story. A heavy cornice hung over this row of windows, and from it rose the steep roof, covered with curly red tiles. This roof did not rise to a point. It was surmounted by a kind of summer house of wood, about seven or eight feet square, with a window in each of its four sides. This little chamber, which we called our lighthouse, was itself surmounted by a big shining vase. The interior of the lighthouse was reached through a small trap-door. This trap door was in the ceiling of the great garret formed by the whole roof of the house. The garret could only be entered by one other trap-door, which opened into my father's room. There was just space enough in the lighthouse for my father's writing-table. There he kept his accounts, not without some straining of his brain, with scrupulous exactness. There he wrote his letters, on these rare occasions when necessity compelled him to do so. There were his samples of corn, his rusty pistols, and his dozen drawers of indescribable odds and ends. There he could see the half of his lands, and exercise a distant supervision over his men.

Four times a year my father paid the rent for his hired lands. The home-farm, as you know, was his own. On the day before the rent was to be taken to the landlord's steward, the sun was always brought in gold from the bank at the town. Such a proceeding might not be very wise, but it was hallowed by its antiquity. The money was usually kept in a bag in my father's own room. All these arrangements were well known to me. I shut my eyes now, and I see my father in his clean gaiters, and the neat bow that tied his hair; I see him ride off on his roan hack to pay his rent, and I know every crease in the little leather bag that carries the gold.

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One Friday evening my father had ridden to the town, and had come back with his gold. All the maids and the men were sitting at their supper in our great kitchen, and I stood by the noisy fire waiting for my father to come down to them. He always came in to their meal, said a hearty word to those who were nearest to him, and then retired with me to his own parlor, his supper, and his pipe of peace.

On the particular evening in question, he walked into the room, swinging something in his hand. It was the leather bag that carried the money; but it was empty. I

know that its place was in the bureau in my father's room,—not empty, but full.

"Father," I said "where's the money?"

"Why haven't you locked it up in the bag?" Everybody in the room heard my question, for there was always a hubbub when the master came among his men, and everybody in the room heard his answer:

"Where's the money, master? I mounted the lighthouse when I came in, to get the keys I left there in the morning, caught the bag in the corner of the table, and tumbled all the coins into the drawer. There it may lie. It's safe enough."

In an hour more, I had been dismissed with my usual kiss, and was shut close in my own room. I have said that I should describe the house. I have only partly done so. The great range of stables and farm-buildings, at the corner of which the actual house was built, were partly made out of the ruins of an old manor-house that had fallen into decay with a fallen family. The only part of the buildings that still showed any signs of architectural beauty was one gable end, where the stables abutted on the modern house. There stood still an old room on a third floor, with great mulioned windows, each in a gable of its own, that stood out from the old roof. Two of these large windows looked out to the west; and on the south side, which adjoined the modern house, was a smaller attic window, apparently inserted since the dismantling of the building, for instead of mulions, it contained a rough sash. The base of this little window (it was some five feet in height) was on the floor of the attic, and nearly level with the projecting cornice of the house. Between the cornice and the sill of the window was a space of about a yard. The staircase of the old house led from what had been the hall (now filled with garden tools and accumulations of out-door rubbish) into a room on the first floor, and up into the top room with the three windows. At some former time it had been proposed to use both the old and new buildings for domestic purposes, and a bridge passage had been built between the first floor landing of the old staircase, and the room which I occupied. The door which led from my room to the little passage had been since furnished with many stout locks and bolts, but they were all on my side. It was a special delight to me to escape through my own door, and wander about the premises. I had taken possession of the great attic with the great old windows, and there I kept my treasures, and did my best-loved work, as my father in his lighthouse. My father condoned my independence, and would only say, as he bade me good night:

"Mind you lock your private front door, little missie. I would not have thee stolen."

On the night in question, I lay long

awake. I heard all the servants who slept

in the house mount to their rooms. Then

I heard my father locking and barring the two doors of the passage, and ascend in his turn, pausing a minute to listen at my room, before he retired to his own. Still I lay

awake, and grew restless in my bed. I began to think of all that I had done in the day, and of all I meant to do to-morrow. I was going down to fish in the creek with Hierah, the stable-help, and Mary, the dairy-woman. I had been cutting a new hazel top to my rod, up in my sanctum in the old buildings. And where was my knife that I had been cutting with? My knife that my father had brought me from the town a year ago, and that I loved so very fondly! I had left it in the attic. Of course no one would go there. It was quite safe. But how silly to leave it! Could I go and fetch it? No: certainly not. My father would be very angry with me for going out in the night. I must go to sleep. But I should like to see how the attic looks in the broad moonlight that shines in my room. I cannot go by harm by going out. And I cannot sleep. And I hate to lie awake. The Dutch clock on the stairs strikes eleven. In a second he would have been in the room. He could have stunned, or perhaps murdered, me, in a moment—have re-collected the gold, have descended into the court, and in those days, when as yet there were neither detectives nor telegraphs, have escaped. It was my left arm that was prised. In my right I held the knife. I was desperate, then; and though I was but a little, small-boned girl, all the devil in me was roused. I fear I could have slain the man with small compunction, at the instant of the deed. I lifted the clasp-knife to my mouth, and tore open the blade with my teeth, and then I cut at the wrist of the man as though I would cut it through. He started back with a cry of pain and fury, lost his hold on the window, and fell. I heard the dull, heavy sound of his body as it struck the ground below. My left arm was covered with the hot blood I had shed. Then I turned round to rouse the house. But my young nerves remained strong only while the work was to be done. I staggered, and fell fainting among the broad guineas I had sown. I lay senseless for some hours, and then woke with a strange feeling of having done or suffered something—I hardly knew what. Slowly I remembered what had happened. It was still dark. I went to the window to see what had become of my antagonist. There was light enough for me to see a dark mass below me, which I thought could be nothing else than Connor's body. I turned my head to the left, and saw the first faint light of morning breaking through the clouds. In half an hour the world of the farm would be astir. Slowly I

awoke, and seemed to have his hands tied. Then he began to dislodge the roof

very slowly, and very warily. He leaned back against the tiles, and lodging his feet

and elbows in their projections, advanced

inch by inch along his perilous journey, with his hands still in front of him. I had just time to recognize his features, when the great cloud came over the moon, and in the sudden gloom was lost in the darkness, I could see little. But I had seen enough now.

The man was one James Connor, a laborer on the farm. He had come to the house some weeks ago, and though my father knew nothing of him, and we went out

of joint. The gash of my knife had done him no serious harm. It was a bad cut; but no more. He was carried off to jail as soon as he could be moved. I will not tell you the story of his trial and his punishment. I remember the judge said that the little girl was more fit to carry the King's colors than many a man of twice her years. But I doubt whether I could have carried a big flag, though I conquered a thief. And now my story is done. It happened seventy years ago, my children; but I remember it all, and though I own to being proud of my stout heart, I have exaggerated nothing.

B. J.

DRESSING WITH TASTE.

It is strange that with all the time American women bestow on dress, so few know how to prepare a simple toilet

AFTER TEN YEARS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMMANUEL GRIES.

I wandered long abroad, and thence returned,
Came to my sister's home; I heard therein
Clear-singing jades of children's voices—
But all unknown. I looked, and in the chamber,
Where fall through shades of leaves the gold of
even,

Right glad of heart I saw—in number seven—
The little ones at play. Their fair heads turned
In the rich stream of light, with buxom health
Bloomed the round cheeks like rose. When I
went forth

To roam through the wild world, not one was
born:

I scarce was master of their several names.
So, silent and in wonder, with great eyes
They stared at me; the playfull sudden mute;
And then the silent, drawing near me shy,
Asked with the mother's very tone, "Who are
you?"

And there came in my sister. In her arms
I threw myself, and with a mother's pleasure
She showed me all that sevenfold household
treasure

Which had increased so sweetly; to the children
She showed the uncle dear come home again.
Now all was joy and shooting; quick resolved,
The bolder boys came climbing up to kiss me,
The girls bout round their heads, and even the
smallest,

Which shrank at first in awe of my great beard,
Put out its little hands to feel for me.

Oh! that was rare delight, so interlaced
And so faston'd to be with fresh young life,
Which clustered on me like a swarm of bees
On a new hive, expecting tales of wonder
With questions thousand-fold. Yet on my
heart

Smote one breath of sadness, for these
kisses,

These questionings, which took me by close
storm,

Spoke with an inward echo:—"Steps so many
Hast thou gone forward on the way of death.
In these each day more quickly ripeneth

The novel generation which shall walk
Over thy grave, and happy be and weep."

And so I laid my hands as though in blessing
Upon those heads, and spake in thought the
words:

"Welcome, most gentle monitors of death;
Welcome indeed, and banks, that ye convey
So tenderly disguised your earnest warning.
But ye in joy grow up to crimes of life,
That when I am no more, ye and your brothers
May perfect where fell short my age and I."

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD,"
"LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER V.

WAITING.

Miss Vane walked very slowly homeward through the hot, breathless summer night. She was too sorrowful, too much depressed by the sudden disappointment which had fallen like a dark shadow upon the close of the day which had begun so brightly, to be embarrassed by any uncomfortable sense of her loneliness in the crowded thoroughfare.

No one molested or assailed her—she walked serenely in her youth and innocence; though the full radiance of the lamplight rarely fell upon her face without some passing glance of admiration resting there also. She never once thought that her father had done wrong in leaving her to walk alone through that crowded Parisian street. In the unselfishness of her loving nature she scarcely remembered her disappointment about the theatre; not even when she passed the brilliantly lighted edifice and looked, a little wistfully perhaps, at the crowd upon the threshold.

She was uneasy and unhappy about her father, because in all her Chelsea experiences she remembered evil to have resulted from his going out late at night; vague and mysterious trouble, the nature of which he had never revealed to her, but whose effects had haunted him and depressed him for many dreary days. He had been sometimes, indeed, very often, poorer after a late absence from his shabby Chelsea lodging; he had been now and then richer; but he had always been alike remorseful and miserable after those occasional nights of dissipation.

His daughter was sorrowful therefore after parting with him. She knew that, in spite of his declaration that he would be home at eleven, it would be between one and two in the morning when he returned; not tipsy—no, that Heaven, he was no drunkard—but with a nervous, wretched, half-demented manner, which was perhaps more sad to see than any ordinary intoxication.

"I was in hopes papa would always stay at home with me now that I am grown up," the young lady thought very sadly. "When I was little, of course it was different; I couldn't amuse him. Though we were very happy sometimes then; and I could play cards, or cribbage, or whist with two dummies. If I can get on very well with my education at Madame Marly's, and then get a situation as morning governess for a large salary—morning governesses do get high salaries sometimes—how happy papa and I might be."

Her spirits revived under the influence of cheering thoughts such as these. I have

told before that it was scarcely possible for her to be long unhappy. Her step grew lighter and faster as she walked homeward. The glory of the gas lights brightened with the brightening of her hopes. She no longer felt her loneliness in the indifferent crowd. She began to linger now and then before some of the most attractive of the shops, with almost the same intense rapture and delight that she had felt in the morning.

She was standing before a book-stall, or rather an open shop perhaps, reading the titles of the paper-covered romances with the full glare of the shadeless gas lights on her face, when she was startled by a loud, hearty English voice, which exclaimed without one murmur of warning or preparation:

"Don't tell me that this tall, young woman with the golden curls, is Miss Eleanor Vandeno Vane, of Regent Gardens, King's Road, Chelsea, London, Middlesex. Please don't tell me anything of the kind, for I can't possibly believe anybody but Jack-and-the-beanstalk could have grown at such a rate."

Miss Vane turned round with her face lit up with smiles to greet this noisy gentleman.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, putting both her hands into the broad palm held out before her, "is it really you? Who would have thought of seeing you in Paris?"

"Or you, Miss Vane? We heard you were at school at Brixton."

"Yes, Dick, the young lady answered; but I have come home now. Papa lives here, you know, and I am going to a finishing school in the Bois de Boulogne, and then I am going to be a morning governess and live with papa always."

"You are a great deal too pretty for a governess," said the young man, looking admiringly at the bright face lifted up to him; "your mistress would snub you, Miss Vane, you'd better—"

"What, Dick?"

"Try our shop."

"What, be a scene-painter, Dick?" cried Eleanor, laughing. "It would be funny for a woman to be a scene-painter."

"Of course, Miss Vane. But nobody supposed I'd ask you to stand on the top of a ladder to put in skies and backgrounds, do you? There are other occupations at the Royal Waterloo Phoenix besides scene-painting. But I don't want to talk to you about that; I know how savage your poor old dad used to be when we talked of the Phoenix. What do you think I am over here?"

"What, Richard?"

"Why, they're doing a great drama in eight acts and thirty-two tableaux at the Porte St. Martin Raoul l'Empoisonneur it's called, Ralph the Poisoner, and I'm over here to pick up the music, sketch the scenery and effects, and translate the play. Something like versatility there, I think, for five-and-thirty shillings a week."

"Dear Richard, you were always so clever."

"To be sure; it runs in the family."

"And the Signora, she is well, I hope?"

"Pretty well; the teaching goes on *tant bon que malentendu*, as our friends over here say. The Clementi is a little thinner in tone than when you heard it last, and a little further off concert pitch; but as most of my aunts' sing flat, that's rather an advantage than otherwise. But where are you going, Miss Vane? because, wherever it is, I'd better see you there. If we stand before this book-stall any longer, the proprietor may think we're going to buy something, and as the Parisians don't seem a buying people, the delusion might be too much for his nerves. Where shall I take you, Miss Vane?"

"To the Rue l'Archeveque, if you please, behind the Madeleine. Do you know it?"

"Better than I know myself, Miss V. The Signora lived in that direction when I was a boy. But how is it that you are all alone in the streets at this time of night?"

"Papa had an appointment with two gentlemen, and he—"

"And he left you to walk home alone. Then he still—"

"Still, what, Richard?"

The young man had stopped hesitatingly, and looking furtively at Eleanor.

"He still stays out late at night sometimes; a bad habit, Miss Vane. I was in hopes he would have been cured of it by this time; especially as there are no dens in the Palais Royal, now-a-days."

"No dens in the Palais Royal," cried Eleanor. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing, my dear Miss Nelly, except that Paris used to be a very wild and wicked place."

"But it isn't now?"

"Oh, dear, no. Our modern Letitia is a very paradise of innocent delights, whose citizens enjoy themselves virtuously under the sheltering dictatorship of a paternal government. You don't understand me well, never mind, you are still the bright-faced child you were in the King's Road, Chelsea, only taller and prettier—that's all."

Miss Vane had taken her companion's arm, and they were walking away towards the Madeleine by this time; the young lady clinging to her new friend almost as confidently as she had done to her father.

I don't think the confidence was misplaced. This young man, with the loud

voice and the somewhat reckless manner, was only a painter and second violin player at a transatlantic theatre. He was bound by no tie of relationship to the beautiful girl hanging upon his arm. Indeed, his acquaintance with Mr. Vane and his daughter had been of that accidental and desultory kind out of which the friendships of poor people generally arise.

The young man had lodged with his aunt in the same house that for nearly six years had sheltered the proud old spendthrift and his motherless child, and some of Eleanor's earliest memories were of Signora Piccirillo and her nephew Richard Thornton. She had received her first lessons upon the pianoforte from the kind Signora, whose Neapolitan husband had died years and years before, leaving her nothing but an Italian name, which looked very imposing at the top of the circular which the music-mistress was wont to distribute among her pupils.

Richard Thornton, at eight-and-twenty, seemed a very elderly person in the eyes of the school-girl of fifteen. She could remember his years, and years, and years ago, as it seemed to her, sitting in his shirt sleeves throughout the long summer afternoons, under the shadow of the scarlet runners in the little garden at Chelsea, smoking dirty clay pipes, and practising popular melodies upon his fiddle. Her father had thought him a nuisance, and had been loth and reserved in his patronage of the young man; but to Eleanor, Dick had been the most delightful of playfellows, the wisest of counsellors, the most learned of instructors. Whatever Richard did, Miss Vane insisted upon also doing, humbly following the genius she admired, with little toddling steps, along the brilliant pathway his talents adored.

I am afraid she had learned to play "God Save the Queen," and "Rory O'More," upon Richard's violin, before she had mastered Haydn's "Surprise," or "Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman!" upon the Signora's shabby old grand piano. She smacked her pianoforte with poor Dick's water-colors, and insisted upon producing replicas of the young scene-painter's sketches, with all the houses lopsided, and the trunks of all the trees gouty. If Dick kept rabbits or silkworms, there was no greater happiness for Miss Vane than to accompany him to Covent Garden market in quest of cabbage or mulberry leaves. I do not mean that she ever deserted her father for the society of her friend; but there were times when Mr. Vane absented himself from his little girl; long days, in which the old man strolled about the streets of the West-end, on the look-out for the men he had known in his prosperity, with the hope of borrowing a pound or two, or a handful of loose silver, for the love of Auld Lang Syne; and longer nights, in which the old man disappeared from the Chelsea lodging for many dreary hours.

Then it was that Eleanor Vane was thrown into the companionship of the Signora and her nephew. Then it was that she read Richard's books and periodicals, that she revelled in "Jack Sheppard," and glistened over "Wagner, the Wehr Wolf." Then it was that she played upon the young man's violin, and copied his pictures, and destroyed his water-colors, and gorged his rabbit and silkworms, and loved and tormented, and admired him, after the manner of some beautiful younger sister, who had dropped from the clouds to be his companion.

This is how these two stood towards each other. They had not met for three years until to-night, and in the interim Miss Eleanor Vane had grown from a hoyden of fifteen into a tall, slender young damsel of fifteen. You were so altered, Miss Vane," Richard said, as they walked along the boulevard, "that I can't help wondering how it was I knew you."

"To be sure; it runs in the family."

"And where are you staying, Dick?"

"At the Hotel des Deux Mondes, near the markets. I've an apartment in convenient proximity to the sky, if I want to study atmospheric effects. And so you live here, Nell?"

"Yes, those are our windows."

Eleanor pointed to the open sashes of the entresol: the dusky-worsted curtains were drawn, but the windows were wide open.

"And you expect your papa home—"

"At eleven o'clock at the latest," she said.

Richard Thornton sighed. He remembered Mr. Vane's habits, and he remembered that the little girl in pinsoires had been wont to keep abnormal hours in her long watches for her father's coming. He had often found her, on his return from the transatlantic theatre at one or two o'clock, with the door of the little sitting-roomajar, waiting patiently for the old man's coming.

"You won't sit up for your papa, Nell," he said, as he shook hands with her.

"Oh, no, papa told me not to sit up."

"Good night, then. You look tired, Nell. I'll call to-morrow, and I'll take you to the theatre, if your papa will let you go, and you shall see Raoul l'Empoisonneur." Such a scene, Nell, in the seventh act. The stage divided into eight compartments, with eight different actions going on simultaneously, and five murders before the fall of the curtain. It's a great piece, and ought to make Spavin and Cromshaw's fortune."

"And yours, Dick."

"Oh, yes. Cromshaw will shake me by the hand in that delightful, gentlemanly manner of his; and Spavin—why Spavin will give me a five-pound note for my adaptation of 'Raoul,' and tell every member of the company, in confidence, that all the great scenes have been written by him, and that the piece was utter rubbish till he reconstructed it."

"Poor Richard!"

"Yes, Nell, poorer than the gentleman who had the almanac, I dare say. But never mind, Nell. I don't think the game of life pays for much expenditure in the way of illumination. I think the wisest people are those who take existence easily. Spavin's wealth can't give him anything better than diamond studs and a phæton. The virtuous peasant, Nell, who can slap his chest, and defy his enemies to pick a hole in his green jersey, gets the best of it in the long run, I dare say."

"But I wish you were rich, Dick, for the Signora's sake," Eleanor said, gently.

"So do I, Nelly. I wish I was less of the Phoenix, and I'd bring you out as Juliet, with new palace arches for the ball-room, and a lime-light in the balcony scene. But, good night, my dear; I mustn't keep you standing here, like this, though parting is such sweet sorrow, that I really shouldn't have the heart to go away to-night if I didn't mean to call to-morrow. That lime's rather longer than the original, Nell, isn't it?"

Miss Vane had taken her companion's arm, and they were walking away towards the Madeleine by this time; the young lady clinging to her new friend almost as confidently as she had done to her father.

I don't think the confidence was misplaced. This young man, with the loud

hush-hush Reed and Boston Square way now; so we're living in the Pilasters, Dudley Street."

"The Pilasters! That sounds quite grand, Dick."

"Yes, doesn't it? *Magasins de pas cher*. We've a chimney-sweeper next door, but no end of manglers. The Pilasters would be very nice, if we'd two sides of the way, but unfortunately we haven't; the other side's stable. It isn't my prejudices make me object to that; but the grooms make such an abominable noise cleaning down their horses, and I wake every morning out of a dream in which it's Boxing-night, and my transformation scene is getting the goose."

The young man laughed cheerfully, and guided his companion across the road to the other side of the boulevard. It was past ten o'clock when they reached the corner of the Rue l'Archeveque, and the butcher's shop was closed.

Eleanor knew that she had only to push open the little side door, and that she would find the key of her father's rooms in the custody of the butcher's wife. She was very tired, almost ready to drop, poor girl, for she had walked a long way since alighting at the Palais Royal with her father; but she was almost sorry that she had reached her destination. The sense of her loneliness returned, now that she was to part with her old friend.

"Thank you very much for seeing me home, Dick," she said, shaking hands with the young scene-painter. "It was very selfish of me to bring you so far out of your way."

"Selfish of you! Why, you don't suppose I'd let you prawl about the streets by yourself, Nell?"

Eleanor's face flushed as her friend said this; there was a reproach to her father implied in the speech.

"It was my own fault that I was so late," she said. "It was only just nine when papa left me; but I loitered a little, looking at the shop. I shall see you again, Dick, I hope. But of course I shall, for you'll come and see papa, won't you? How long do you stay in Paris?"

"About a week, I suppose. I've a week's leave of absence, and double salary, besides my expenses. They know the value of a clever man at the Phoenix, Miss Vane."

"And where are you staying, Dick?"

"At the Hotel des Deux Mondes, near the markets. I've an apartment in convenient proximity to the sky, if I want to study atmospheric effects. And so you live here, Nell?"

"Yes, those are our windows."

Eleanor pointed to the open sashes of the entresol: the dusky-worsted curtains were drawn, but the windows were wide open.

"And you expect your papa home—"

"At eleven o'clock at the latest," she said.

Richard Thornton sighed. He remembered Mr. Vane's habits, and he remembered that the little girl in pinsoires had been wont to keep abnormal hours in her long watches for her father's coming. He had often found her, on his return from the transatlantic theatre at one or two o'clock, with the door of the little sitting-roomajar, waiting patiently for the old man's coming.

that Mr. Thornton slept in his ordinary costume, but of course this was a cruel shander.

To walk eight or nine miles a day to and fro between the place of your abode and the scene of your occupation; to paint the best part of the country for a large theatre in which new pieces are brought out pretty frequently; to play second fiddle, and attend early rehearsals upon cold mornings; to lay down the music case in a melodrama, or accompany Mr. Grigsby in his new comic song, or Madame Rosalini in her latest soubrette, and to adapt a French drama, now and then, by way of adding a few extra pounds to your income, is not exactly to lead an idle life; so perhaps poor Richard Thornton may be forgiven if his friends had occasion to laugh at his indifference upon the subject of soap and water. They even went so far as to call him "Dirty Dick," in their more facetious moments; but I don't think the omnious soubrette wounded Richard's feelings. Everybody liked him, and respected him as a generous-hearted, genial-tempered, honorable-minded fellow, who would scarcely have told a lie to save his life, and who scorned to drink a pint of beer that he couldn't pay for, or to accept a favor which he didn't mean to return.

People at the Phoenix knew that Richard Thornton's father had been a gentleman, and that the young man had a certain pride of his own. He was the only man in the theatre who neither abased nor flattered his employer. The carpenters and grooms touched their caps when they talked to him, though he was shabbier than any of those employes; the little ballet girls were fond of him, and came to tell him their troubles when the cruel stage-managers had put their names down in a horribile book which was to be seen on the treasury table every Saturday morning. The old cleaners of the theatre told Mr. Thornton about their rheumatic knee-joints, and came to him for sympathy after dreary hours of scouring. He had patience with and compassion for every one. People knew that he was kind and tender-hearted, for his pencil initials always appeared in some obscure corner of every subscription list against a sum which was bulky when taken in relation to the amount of his salary. People knew that he was brave, for he had once threatened to fling Mr. Sprav into the pit, when that gentleman had made some inquisitions impeaching Richard's honor as to the unfair use of gold-leaf in the Enchanted Caves of Azur Deep. They knew that he was dutiful, kind, and true to the old music-mistress with whom he lived, and whom he helped to support. They knew that when other men made light of sacred things, and were witty and philosophical upon very solemn subjects, Richard Thornton would leave the assembly gravely and quietly, how eloquent or lively soever he might have been before. People knew all this, and were respectful to the young scene-painter, in spite of the rainbow smears of paint upon his shabby coat, and the occasional fringe of mud upon the frayed edges of his trowsers.

Upon this August morning, Mr. Thornton made very short work of his toilet.

"I won't go out to breakfast," he thought, "though I can get two breakfasts and a dessert in the Palais Royal, to say nothing of half a bottle of sour claret, for fifteen pence. I'll get some coffee and rolls, and go to work at some of the scenes for 'Raoul.'"

He rang a bell near his bed, pushed a table to the window which looked out into the quadrangle of the hotel, and sat down with a battered box of water colors and a few squares of Bristol board before him. He had to ring several times before one of the waiters descended to answer his summons, but he worked away cheerily, smoking as he worked, a careful water-colored copy of a rough pencil sketch which he had made a couple of nights before in the pit of the theatre.

He didn't leave off to eat his breakfast when it came, by-and-by, but buttered his rolls and drank his coffee in the pauses of his work, only laying down his brush for a minute or so at a time. The scene was a street in old Paris, the houses very dark and brown, with over-hanging latticed windows, exterior staircases, practicable bridges, and all sorts of devices which called for the employment of a great deal of glue and paste-board in Richard's model. This scene was only one out of eight, and the young scene-painter wanted to take perfect models of all the eight scenes back to the Phoenix. He had M. Michel Levy's sixty costumed edition of the new play spread open before him, and referred to it now and again as he painted.

"Humph! Enter Raoul down staircase in flat. Raoul's a doctor, and the house with the staircase is his. The house at the corner belongs to Gobesnoe, the comic barber, and the practicable lattice is Medicis's. She'll come to her window by-and-by to talk to the doctor, whom she thinks a very excellent man; though he's been giving her mild doses of *agua fofana* for the last three weeks. Catherine de Medicis comes over the practicable bridge, presently, disguised as a nun. I wonder how many melodramas for his two trances, and then paid his money, bowed to the graceful lady who sat in splendor attire in a very bower of salads and desserts, and went down a broad staircase that led into a street behind the Palais Royal, and thence to the Rue Richelieu.

He treated himself to a cup of coffee and a cigar at a cafe in the place de la Bourse, and then strolled slowly away towards the Seine, smoking, and dawdling to look at this

short black hair,—easier and dignified. Crockett will do Raoul, of course, and Spain will play the light-comedy soldier who gets drunk, and tears off Catherine's velvet mask in the last scene. Yes, that'll be a great scene on our side of the water. *Charles the Ninth*—he's a muff, so anybody can play him—has just finished reading the gnomed edition of a treatise on hawking, chose the last page of the book, feels the first spasm. Catherine, disguised as a nun, has been followed by Spain—by the same soldier, I mean—to the Louvre, after a conversation having been overheard between her and Raoul. The King, in the agonies of spasmodic affection, asks who has murdered him. "That—woman!—that sorceress—that fiend in human form!" cries the soldier, snatching the mask from Catherine's face. "Merciful Heaven, it is my mother!" shrieks the King, falling dead with a final spasm. That it is my mother! ought to be good for three rounds of applause, at least, I dare say Spain will have the speech transferred from the King's part to his own. "Merciful Heaven, it is my mother!" do just as well."

Poor Richard Thornton, not having risen very early, worked on till past five o'clock in the afternoon before his model was finished. He got up with a sigh of relief when the paste-board presentation of the old Parisian street stood out upon the little table, square and perfect.

He filled his pipe, and walked up and down before the table, smoking and admiring his work in an innocent rapture.

"Poor Nelly," he thought presently. "I promised I would call in the Rue l'Archevêque to-day, to pay my respects to the old chap. Not that he'd particularly care to see me, I dare say; but Nelly's such a darling. If she asked me to stand on my head, and do poor old Goffe's gnome-fly business, I think I should try and do it. However, it is too late to call upon Mr. Vandoeuvre to-day, so I must put that off till to-morrow. I must drop in again at half-past at the Porte Saint Martin, to have another look at the scene in eight compartments. That'll be rather a poor for the machinist at the Phoenix, I flatter myself. Yes, I must have one more look at it, and—Ah! by-the-by, there's the Morgue!"

Mr. Thornton finished his pipe, and rubbed his chin with a reflective air.

"Yes, I must have a look at the Morgue before I go," he thought; "I promised that old nuisance J. T. Jumballs that I'd refresh my memory about the Morgue. He's doing a great drama in which one half of the *dramatis personae* recognize the other half dead on the marble slabs. He's never been across the Channel, and I think his notions of the Morgue are somewhat foggy. He fancies it's about as big as Westminster Abbey, I know, and he wants the governors to give him the whole depth of the stage for his great scene, and set it obliquely, like the Assyrian hall, in 'Bardanapulus,' so as to give the idea of immeasurable extent. I'm to paint the scene for him. *The interior of the Morgue by lamplight. The meeting of the living and the dead!* That'll be rather a strong line for the bill, at any rate. I'll go and have some dinner in the Palais Royal, and then go down and have a look at the gloomy place. An exterior wouldn't be bad, with Notre Dame in the distance, but an interior—Bah! J. T. J. is a clever fellow, but I wish his genius didn't lie so much in the charnel-house."

He put on his hat, left his room, locked the door, and ran down the polished stair case whistling merrily as he went. He was glad to be released from his work, pleased at the prospect of a few hours' idleness in the foreign city. Many people, inhabitants and visitors, thought Paris dull, dreary, and deserted in this hot August weather, but it was a delightful change from the pleasures and the primeval solitudes of Northumberland Squares, that quaint, grim, quadrangle of big houses, whose prim middle-class inhabitants looked coldly over their smart wire window-blinds at poor Richard's shabby coat.

Mr. Thornton got an excellent dinner at a great bustling restauranteur's in the Palais Royal, where for two francs one might dine upon all the delicacies of the season, in a splendid saloon, enlivened by the martial braying of a brass band in the garden below. The *carte du jour* almost bewildered Richard by its extent and grandeur, and he chose haphazard from the catalogue of soups which the obliging waiter gabbled over for his instruction. He read all the pleasing by-laws touching the non-division of dinners, and the admisibility of exchanges in the way of a dish for a dessert, or a dessert for a dish, by payment of a few extra centimes. He saw that almost all the diners hid themselves behind great wedges of orange colored melon at an early stage of the banquet, and generally wound up with a small white washing basin of lobster salad, the preparation of which was a matter of slow and sullen care and thought. He ordered his dinner in humble imitation of these accomplished ladies, and got very good service for his two francs, and then paid his money, bowed to the graceful lady who sat in splendor attire in a very bower of salads and desserts, and went down a broad staircase that led into a street behind the Palais Royal, and thence to the Rue Richelieu.

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He walked on resolutely, therefore, towards the black, shed-like building.

"I hope there are no bodies there to-night," he thought. "One glance round the place will show all I want to see. I hope there are no poor dead creatures there to-night."

He stopped before going in and looked at a couple of women who were standing near, chattering together with no little gesticulation.

He asked one of these women the question. Were there any bodies in the Morgue?

Yes—the women both answered with one voice. There had not long been brought the body of a gentleman, an officer it was thought poisoned in a gaming house. A murder, perhaps, or a suicide; no one knew which.

Richard Thornton shrugged his shoulders as he turned away from the idle gossip.

"Some people would call me a coward if they knew how I dislike going into this place," he thought.

He threw away his cigar, took off his hat, and slowly crossed the dark threshold of the Parisian dead house.

When he came out again, which was not until after the lapse of at least a quarter of an hour, his face was almost as white as the face of the corpse he had left within. He went upon the bridge, scarcely knowing where he went, and walking like a man who walks in his sleep.

Not more than half a dozen yards from the Morgue he came suddenly upon the lonely figure of a girl, whose arms rested on the parapet of the bridge, and whose pale face was turned towards the towers of Notre Dame.

She looked up as he approached, and called him by his name.

"For here, Eleanor," he cried. "Come away, child; come away, for pity's sake!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

It is remarkable, though perhaps nothing strange, that the daughters as well as the sons of soldiers should become soldiers by marrying with the profession,—as natural as they must be thrown more into that kind of society than any other. General Sumner's family, however, is a somewhat marked instance. He had two sons, E. V. Sumner, Major on General Stoneman's staff, and Samuel, Captain on the staff of his father; and four daughters, one of whom married a civilian and became Mrs. Jenkins, the other three becoming Mrs. Colonel Theall, Mrs. Colonel Long and Mrs. Colonel McLean. In such a family, all interested in the army service, what anxieties war must produce.

The number of widows' pensions applied for thus far during the present war, is about 15,000; and the number of invalid pensions during the same period, 9,000.

The New York belles in "high circles" have adopted a fashion, when in full dress, of wearing powdered gold on their hair. One young woman is said to have recently sported \$150 worth of the sumptuous deposit on her head. In order to vie with this extravagance, the seashell ladies will have to cover their tresses with wheat flour, if report is to be believed, it is about as scarce and precious as gold dust in Dixie.

They have a funny custom in South Hampton, one of the lower towns in Rockingham county, New Hampshire, which had an odd illustration the other day. They never elect any except men born in the town to the legislature! At the late election a gentleman, every way worthy the confidence of his townsmen, and who had been, from boyhood, an inhabitant of the place, was accidentally placed upon the ticket at the late election, but soon the fact was discovered that he was not town-born, and word was conveyed from mouth to mouth. "It won't do to send him to the legislature; he was not born in S. Hampton." A new name was substituted, and the public displeasure appeased.

Wx who have the good fortune to be removed from the theatre of war, know little of the sufferings of those in its immediate vicinity. Families that a few months since were well by residents of Fredericksburg are now in negro cabins, dependent upon an uncertain charity for daily bread.

The California flood of January, 1862, was the highest known in the state for centuries. This is proved by the fact that inundations of great depth, bearing unmistakable evidence of great antiquity in the large oaks growing upon them, were almost entirely carried away, trees and all.

MR. SAMUEL KRAUSE, eldest son of Mr. John Krause, of Allentown, recently returned home unexpectedly from Lima, Peru, in South America, after an absence of 27 years. For the last 17 years no intelligence whatever had been received from him, and his parents and friends had settled down in the belief that he was dead. He returned to this country as Secretary of Legation from the Peruvian government.

ERASTUS CORNING probably carries on his shoulders as many varied responsibilities as any man in the nation. He is member of Congress, president of the New York Central and director of the Hudson River Railroad, president of the Albany Pier Co., manager of a bank, head of a hardware house, owner of a large rolling mill, a skillful farmer, and Regent of the State University.

At Louisville last week a hugehead of the new-crop tobacco was sold at the extraordinary price of one hundred and eight dollars per hundred pounds, the hugehead bringing \$1,000.80.

PROF. AGASSIZ'S RECENT ARTICLE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The progress of knowledge is onward, and every advance adds strength to reach forward to things unknown, and to look back on errors that have grown up in its path. Many things that were once disowned, are now received as facts; and many that are now received as truths, will in their turn be disowned. I read in your paper an article credited to the "Atlantic Monthly," from the pen of Professor Agassiz. You will pardon me for throwing off a little restraint in reviewing an article that presents so many fallacies to your readers. Mr. Agassiz is a disciple of the Plutonic school, and has faith in the igneous theory of the transformation of the earth; he believes that the globe is composed of metallic surfaces, but to any substance that has the required relative affinity for electricity, as ores, minerals, and fossils, or wood, leather, or the fleshy substance of the electric eel. The heat from a battery does not depend on combustion, and is as readily produced in the earth as on its surface. Stratified is a natural formation in the earth, and electric batteries may be formed in the earth by strata of metallic ores and other minerals of sufficient magnitude to produce all the preternatural phenomena that is exhibited. Researches in this direction are infinitely more rational than the igneous theory.

The cause of the increasing temperature as we descend into the earth is explainable as follows:—The equatorial part of the earth, comprising two-fifths of the earth's surface, and more than three-fifths of its mass, is surrounded by a belt of heat.

The mean temperature of the atmosphere at the equator is 87 degrees; decreasing to 78 degrees in latitude 23; and the surface of the earth exposed to the sun's rays becomes daily heated to 150 degrees in latitude 23, and in the equatorial part of Africa to 185 degrees. This may have been its condition through all time, and the great internal mass of the earth is at the mean temperature of its various surface heats. The polar hemispheres are less heated by the sun's rays, and the cold increases as we recede from the equator. Now if we penetrate the earth in the cold region, we meet the heat from the equator travelling by conduction to the cooler parts of the earth. The deeper we descend, the nearer we approach to the heated mass, and the heat increases. Common reasoning would lead us to this conclusion if it had not been observed.

I fear I have not explained this to the capacity of every mind. I will try again. I will take a ball of chalk or plaster two feet in diameter, and suspend it like a school globe, to turn on its axis like the earth; place it in an atmosphere at the temperature of zero. Then place a lamp or other means of heating its equator to the temperature of the earth's equator. Let it revolve until the maximum temperature has spread to all its parts. It is now ready to examine: I will bore in from the pole, the temperature is at zero, but increases at every inch that is penetrated in the direction of the centre. I will bore again at lat. 45, or mid way between the equator and pole; here I begin to bore in a warmer place, but the heat increases at every inch though not at the same ratio, until it arrives at the same temperature in the centre. Bore again at latitude 20, here I begin with more heat, or near the mean temperature, and the heat is near the same temperature at every inch to the centre. Bore again at the equator, here I begin at a heat above the mean temperature, and every inch I descend into the ball the heat decreases. This is precisely the condition of the earth. This fully explains the phenomenon of increasing temperature as we descend into the earth, and experimentally proves it.

Mr. A. sweeps over things without noticing cause and effect, or attempting to prove or explain the positions he assumes.

This is characteristic of his school, as its theories will not bear to be tried by natural laws. He says, "The first effect of cooling our planet must have been to solidify it, and thus to form a thin or crust over it. The crust would shrink as the cooling process went on; in consequence of the shrinking, wrinkles and folds would arise upon it." This may be so with his crust, but all natural things when shrinking draw their tension more tight. He says "The effect of heat upon clay is to bake it into slate." Again he says, "Whenever these liquid masses melted by a heat more intense than can be produced by any artificial means have flowed over them or cooled in immediate contact with them, the clay will be changed into slate." Does the experience of our potters bear out this fact? Do our brick makers, with every grade of heat, from the vitrified bricks of the arch, to the half-burned bricks of the outside, ever discover it?

He says: "All substances when heated expand more than they do when cold; scat ter which expands when freezing is the only exception to this rule." Mr. A. is in error; all substances that are unchanged by fusion and solidification, are under the same law; and all solids float on the liquid like ice on water. The cook knows when melting her fat, that the solid floats on the liquid; the chandler knows that the solid floats on the liquid when he is melting his wax or tallow; the school-boy with his ladle of melted lead knows that the solid floats on the liquid; and the founder knows that all metals occupy less space when in a state of fusion, and that the solid float on the liquid like ice on water. Even the igneous theory admits

would be if it all came from the same source? Let Professor Agassiz answer these questions. The cause of volcanic fire is unknown; but it is evident that they are of no great depth, from the limited distance they effect the earth in their vicinity. Earthquakes and all preternatural convulsions evidently have the same origin. Geyser or hot springs are probably a weaker effect of the same cause. What more reliable cause can we look to than electricity for these phenomena? Chemistry and art, with a few yards of metallic surfaces laid in strata, form an electric battery capable of fusing a rod of iron, or furnishing calorific for a hot spring. The electric battery is not confined to metallic surfaces, but to any substance that has the required relative affinity for electricity, as ores, minerals, and fossils, or wood, leather, or the fleshy substance of the electric eel.

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Professor Agassiz says: "Astronomy shows us our planet thrown off from the central mass of which it once formed a part, a globe of liquid fire." A globe of liquid fire, covered with an unbroken ocean of water! What a magnificent chimera. No one of America: "First born among the continents," here was the first dry land lifted out of the water." All mountains and mountain chains have been upheaved by great convulsions of the globe. It appears to the unscientific, that upheaving mountains floating on a liquid, would be attended with difficulty for want of foothold. Perhaps Mr. A. will relieve our minds by explaining the operation on a lake with a thin crust of ice. Instead of the mountains being "upheaved by great convulsions of the globe," is it not more rational to imagine that the mountains have been rising for an indefinite length of time, and that they rise as much to-day as any other day since they commenced to rise, and that the rocks give from beneath, and wear away from the unpeeled surface by the dilapidations of time? Granite, the unstratified rock, the product of cooling our liquid planet as it was thrown off from the great central mass; does it contain all the elements of every earthly thing? This should be the first study of the Plutonic school. Chemistry gives us no such results. Tell us what has become of the law of conduction between the cold crust of the earth, and the hot mass. The whole theory, it seems to me, is at variance with nature; and shrinks from all close inspection, and comparison with the known laws of nature.

Respectfully, SETH BOYDEN, Newark, New Jersey.</p

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Our Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

A discharged soldier applying for "special relief," came into the office of the W. P. B., a few days since. He had lost the use of his left arm, and looked altogether in a very forlorn and helpless condition. He had been discharged in Washington, where he had left his pension claim in the hands of an agent, being ignorant of the provision made by the Sanitary Commission for such cases. He seemed a little sullen in making his application, remarking that he had been sent from one point to another, without receiving assistance from any. "At one place," he said, "I was told that if I were from New England they would help me; but when I enlisted, I enlisted to fight for all the States, and not for any one portion of them; and I do not see why I am not as deserving of help because I came from old England and enlisted in New York, as I would have been if I had come from New England and enlisted in Massachusetts."

This circumstance brought to mind some remarks which Dr. Bellows made, in his address upon the Sanitary Commission, at the Academy of Music a few weeks since, about associations for the relief of particular States and designated regiments. I do not think that they were appreciated at the time; for we had all been so busily at work in this city, in the various Ladies' Aid Societies, upon the same broad Federal principles which guided the Commission, that we were not aware to what an extent these Associations had spread through our own State, as well as through New England and New York. But upon inquiring into the subject, we find that enough cannot be said against this mischievous way of working. The amount of supplies lost or lying in Washington undistributed, exceeds that which the Sanitary Commission has distributed. Think of that fact in connection with the following statement of the Executive Committee:

"Although this Commission is daily relieving a fearful amount of suffering, and saving many lives, it is now and long has been obliged to witness a far greater amount of suffering and of death, which it has never had the means to relieve. What it has done, is but little compared with what it could do, had its resources been at all adequate to its work." But, as Dr. Hosmer says, "People desire to help their own—every city or county or State its own regiments—every mother her own son. It is natural; but such discriminations are not always possible. Stores of good things may be sent to a regiment for its hospital, and the receipt of them may be acknowledged, and the donors rejoice in their charity, but the next day that regiment may march in an hour's notice, and be compelled to leave and lose all but bare necessities. Onondaga county sent stores of good things to their regiments, and once a sudden order came to march and their good things were left behind; and again, what they had was burned, so that it should not fall into the hands of the enemy."

"To the knowledge of the Commission, many hundred tons of such presents are now piled uselessly in storerooms and yards, and upon old camp grounds; while thousands have probably been destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It is best that Government should be left to feed and clothe the well men; but for the sick and wounded we cannot do too much." At one time, the people of New England sent more than 150 tons of hospital stores to Washington, consigned to the care of a very high officer of Government. The excellent lady to whom he entrusted their distribution, sent an order to each Surgeon in charge of a hospital in or near Washington, for so many boxes of hospital stores. "One of them showed me his order," writes a member of the Commission, and told me he really did not want these stores. Miss D.—says that the Hospital Stewards and nurses are having good time scrambling for the plunder. It is a great pity that the bounty of the people should be thus wasted, when it might be made so much more useful, if dispensed through the comprehensive organization of the Sanitary Commission. State Associations are another source of extravagant waste and loss. The army would do better without them. What it wants is a great National organization that knows nothing of State lines, and seeks only to aid and support our soldiers, without inquiring whether they were mustered into the National service in Maine or in Minnesota."

In the Report of the Executive Committee of the New England Women's Auxiliary, the question, "Why can the Commission do this work for our sick and wounded soldiers better than any state or local agency?" is thus ably answered:

"Because it is an 'arm of Government,' and therefore works for the whole country. And because Government has granted it facilities that could not be given to any non-power agency. The most pressing need of the men is, of course, felt directly after a battle. Then, a father's weight may turn the balance for life or death. Here, on the bloody field, before the roar of the artillery has ceased, stand the agents of the Commission, with, may we say, an exhaustless supply of the means of saving life, and relieving suffering? Ah! that word 'exhaustless,' depends on you and me, and each loyal non-combatant in our land. But there they

stand, ready to relieve all the suffering—if we have furnished the means for all—knowing no difference between Mahomet men and Moors, for are they not equally fighting for a common cause, and entitled to share equally in a common relief? Which men shall come first under their care? Thank God! they say 'those suffering most; those whom one-half hour of delay will send out of the reach of human care and sympathy forever.' Is there a mother, a wife, a sister, a loving woman in our land, who will not bless the Sanitary Commission for this human view?

Or would each one who has given her dearest to her country, prefer to trust him in that hour of peril, to her state's agent, who might go about, losing golden moments, in searching here and there for men, who, in a time of peace, gladly brought their identity within the limits of a state boundary, but who, at their country's call, nay, merged all minor differences in one hope, one faith—Liberty and Union. But this is not the extent of the inadequacy of any sectional aid. It cannot be had on the battlefield, even for our own exclusive objects of care. The Commission keeps up a regular communication with the generals in command, who call upon it to establish its depots of supply near each advancing division; and as the base of operations changes from time to time, the commissioners are notified to change their depots, keeping always as near the front as possible. And again, Government has, as we have said, afforded to the Commission every possible facility for transportation, which is so difficult in the confusion inseparable from a great battle. It is obvious that no limited agency could share these inestimable advantages. Thus practically, as well as by authority of Government, this work rests with the Sanitary Commission, and must be left undone, if it has not the means of doing it. So all questions are resolved into one, which it concerns us deeply to ponder, and faithfully to answer. Shall the Commission be enabled to do the work thoroughly? Consider, for a moment, that it cannot 'levy taxes,' that it has not the 'revenue' of any sort or kind, but what is furnished by the volunteer contributors of the North, and can we escape the conviction that we, personally and collectively, are charged with a terrible responsibility; that the saving of many lives rests with us, that the relief of untold agony is in our hands? Friends, fellow-workers, the time for considering this work as something we may choose or refuse is past. It ended at the moment when we accepted the war as no play, but a bitter, to very many of us, a life-long reality. At that moment, our share of the trial ceased to be anything but a solemn duty, no less solemn, indeed, than the duty of fighting to vindicate those sacred rights, for which we can only work. Are we ready to accept this responsibility? If so, let us renew and deepen our pledge to place our offerings on the altar of Federal Union, and a common cause. Our whole power, wisely bestowed, will do all that the occasion requires, but anything less than this, will leave things undone that we shall not like to think of when the dispositions of the hour are past, and we are left face to face with Eternal Justice, alone. But we do not mean to lay up grievous memories. The quiet current bears us on, yet not too fast to allow us time to realize what we ought to do, and to do it. The Sanitary Commission asks our hearty co-operation; it gives reasons for its plea. Let us weigh those reasons carefully, and in the spirit of self-forgetfulness; remembering how grave is the subject with which we have to deal."

TO FARMERS.

As the season for planting has arrived, we would call the attention of farmers to the fact that our army has suffered greatly during the past winter from want of fresh vegetables, such as onions and cabbage, particularly the former. By planting a few extra rows, and sending the products to us in the fall, they will give us a welcome contribution, and insure a sufficient supply. Tomatoes are solicited; which we can have canned and sent where most needed.

JERSEY TOBACCO.—The cultivation of tobacco is receiving no little attention from the farmers residing in Camden. One individual last year raised on thirteen acres of ground over 13,000 pounds of the weed, and has the promise of twice that yield, the present season, on the same ground. In this climate the time for sowing the seed is from the first to the middle of April, the plants generally appearing about the first of May, and being ready for transplanting from the 10th to the 15th of June. One tablespoonful of seed will produce plants enough for an acre of tobacco, but usually two or three times the quantity is sown, as the plants sometimes fall. One acre of tobacco, set three feet by two-and-a-half feet, will contain 6,000 plants; and the quantity of tobacco that may be raised per acre varies from 1,000 pounds to one ton per acre—an average crop, where it is properly treated, being 1,500 pounds to the acre in Connecticut. There is considerable land in our adjoining counties, and on the outskirts of the city, where this valuable product might be grown with success.

TO A BAD OLD AGE IS DEATH WITHOUT DEATH'S QUIET.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

HEADQUARTERS 5TH REG. VT. VOLUNTEERS, 1 Camp Griffin.

Meas., Pepp. Drives, &c. We, the undersigned, officers of the Fifth Regiment Vermont Volunteers, beg leave to inform you of the beneficial effects of your Pain Killer, and particularly recommend it to the especial use of the ARMY, as being an excellent remedy for the many diseases incident to camp life and a Southern climate. It is to the soldier what the sun is to vegetation, to nurture and restore vigor to the weak and sickly. As the result of its use in our regiment the surgeon's labors have been reduced one-half.

It has been used successfully for sudden colds, coughs, malignant fevers, indigestion, cramps in the stomach, diarrhea, dysentery, ulcers, purpura, sprains and bruises, and in fact all diseases to which the soldier is exposed.

Very truly yours,
Capt. BENJ. H. JENNE, Company G,
and 18 other Line Officers.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1,275 head. The prices realized were from \$18 to \$20 per head. 2100 Sheep were sold at from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per head. 240 Hogs at from \$8.50 to \$9 per cwt. net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Deposits of H. DEXTER, 118 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOOMEY, No. 191 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, 804 Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, No. 91 & 92 Fifth St., Pittsburgh.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 95 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
MCNAULY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of all kinds of Flour continue very light, sales of only some 3000 bbls to date, in small lots, mostly taken for shipment, at \$16.00 per barrel, and good superfine, \$16.50 per barrel; \$7.25 per lb. for low grade and good Western and Pennsylvania extra floury, and \$9.00 per lb. for fancy Ohio. The bulk of the sales were of good extra family at \$7.50 per lb., including about 1000 bbls, part City Mills extra, on terms kept private. The demand from the trade has been rather more active, and prices have risen, prices of prime high-grade flour at \$10.00 per lb.

In quality, Rye Flour is scarce, and about 400 bbls sold at \$4.75 per lb. the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is but little increased, and Country Meal is scarce; 300 bbls Jersey sold at \$4.25; Brandywine is held at \$4.50 per lb., and dull.

GRANIN comes in slowly, and only about 25,000 bbls Western and Pennsylvania have been taken for milling at \$15.00 per cwt. for good and choice lots, the latter for amber, and from \$15.00 to \$100 for white, including some prime Kentucky at the highest figure. Rye Flakes, and Pennsylvania, are selling in a small way, and most of the offerings some 5000 bbls, yellow, found buyers at \$8.00 per bbl, and white at \$9.00 per bbl.

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Wit and Humor.

A FRIGHTENED CONTRABAND.

A letter received from an army correspondent on the Rappahannock relates the following camp incident:

An amusing incident occurred in camp a night or two since. A portly young contraband, from Charleston, S. C., who escaped from his rebel master at Antietam, and was for awhile quartered subsequently in Washington, was engaged by one of our junior staff officers, as his body servant, and brought down here to his quarters to attend him. It chanced that the officer had served his country gallantly at Shiloh, where he lost a leg, below the knee, the absence of which had been made up by an artificial limb, which the captain wore with so easy a grace that few persons who met him suspected his misfortune—his noble attendant being among the blindest ignorant as to the existence of the fact.

The captain had been "out to dine," and returned in excited spirits to his tent. Upon retiring, he called his darky servant to assist him in putting off his riding-boots.

"Now, Jiminy, look sharp," said the captain. "I'm a little—lo—slimy, t'night. Look sharp, an—lo—pull steady."

"Ic alers heerful, cap'n," says Jiminy, drawing of one long wet boot, with considerable difficulty, and standing it aside.

"Now mind your eye—Jim! The other—lo—is a little tight," and black Jiminy chuckled and showed his shining ivory, as he reflected, perhaps, that his master was quite as "tight" as he deemed his boots to be.

"Easy, now—that's it. Pull away!" continued the captain, good-naturedly, and enjoying the prospective joke, while he loosened the straps about his waist which held his cork leg up—"now you've got it! Yip—there you are! Oh, lord, oh, lord! oh, lord!" screamed the captain, as contraband, cork-leg, riding-boot, and ligatures tumbled across the tent, in a heap, and the one-legged officer fell back on his pallet, convulsed with spasmodic laughter. At this moment the door opened, and a Lieutenant entered.

"G'way fun—me—g'way fun me—lemon be! Lemme be! I ain't done nuffin," yelled the contraband, hustly, and rushing to the door, really supposing that he had pulled his master's leg clean off. "Lemmy go! I didn't do nuffin—g'way! g'way!" And Jiminy put for the woods in his desperation, since which he hasn't been seen or heard from, though his captain has diligently sought for him far and near. Jiminy was a good servant, but we never before were treated to a sight of a thoroughly frightened contraband. There is little doubt the darky is running yet.—Boston Transcript.

FOUND HIS CROWD.

A young man clad in homespun was standing in Court street, Boston, a few days since, devouring a doughnut, when he was accosted by one of a half dozen genteelly dressed idlers with—

"Just come down!"

"Yes, guess I have. Great place, this, ain't it, you?" said the countryman.

"Tis so! How's your marm?" asked the city buck, bent on spot with the greeny.

"Well, she's pretty well. She sent me down on business."

"She did? What kind of business are you on?"

"Why, she wangled me to come down to Boston and look around and find half a dozen of the biggest fakes, to educate 'em, and I rather guess I've got my eye on 'em now," said the stranger, taking in the whole crowd at a glance. The next moment he had the edgestone to himself, where he quietly finished his doughnut.

PROOF OF VALOR.—A good story is told of a certain officer who was accused of showing the white feather in an engagement with the rebels. The story got whispered around until it came back to the officer in the columns of a newspaper. Seizing the paper, in a high state of indignation, he rushed into the presence of his superior officer, and exclaimed, "Now, captain, didn't I wave my sword, and rave, and curse and swear, and do you suppose I would have waved my sword, and cursed and swore if I had been afraid?"

The Captain had nothing to say against such conclusive evidence of valor as this.

A LAWYER'S ADVICE.—An old lawyer was giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon his father's profession. "My son," said the counsellor, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded in justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice though the heavens fall."

"But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case, my son, talk round it, talk round it."

EDW A Scotchman asked an Irishman why were half farthings coined in England? The answer was "To give Scotchmen an opportunity to subscribe to charitable associations."

WANTED AN OFFICER.—The private secretary of the Governor of —— is a wag. The other day a young man, decidedly interested, walked into the executive chamber, and asked for the Governor.

"What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary.

"Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure."

"Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a water cure."

A new idea seemed to strike the young interloper, and he vanished.

TRAVELLING IN ARKANSAS.—"My dear Madam, can you give me a glass of gin?" asked a fatigued traveler in Arkansas, as he entered a cabin on the roadside.

"I ain't got a drop, stranger," replied the woman.

"But a gentleman told me you had a barrel."

"Why, good gracious," replied the woman, "what do you reckon one barrel of whiskey is to me and my children, when we are out of milk?"

PERSIAN STORIES OF HUSBANDS.

A married man presented himself trembling and sorrowful at the gates of paradise. He had heard so often of his faults and shortcomings while upon earth, that he believed in them devotedly, and had no hope of being admitted to the habitations of the blessed. One wife, he had been repeatedly informed, was a blessing far beyond his merits while in the flesh; how then, could he hope for the smiles of seventy hours. But the prophet, when he presented himself at the gates of heaven, to his great surprise, greeted him with a smile of ineffable compassion. "Pax on, poor martyr," said Mahomet. "You have been indeed a great sinner, but you have suffered enough upon the earth, so be of good cheer, for you will not meet your wife here."

A man who had hitherto crept up to heaven, now stood up confidently, and presented himself to the prophet upon the ground that he had been twice married.

"Nay," said the prophet, angrily, " paradise is no place for fools."

A robbing young fellow married the wealthy widow of a great Khan. On the wedding-night she determined to assert her authority over him. So she treated him with great contempt when he came into the ante-room, and sat luxuriously embedded in rose-leaf cushions, caressing a large white cat, of which she pretended to be doting fond. She appeared to be annoyed by her husband's entrance, and looked at him out of the corners of her eyes with a glance of cold disdain.

"I dislike cats," remarked the young soldier, blandly, as if he was making a mere casual observation; "they offend my sight."

If his wife had looked at him with a glance of cold disdain before, her eyes now wore an expression of anger and contempt such as no words can express. She did not even deign to answer him, but she took the cat to her bosom and fondled it passionately. Her whole heart seemed to be in the cat, and cold was the shoulder which she turned to her husband. Bitter was the sneer upon her beautiful lips.

"When any one offends me," continued her gallant, gayly, "I cut off his head. It is a peculiarity of mine which I am sure will only make me dear to you." Then drawing his sword, he took the cat gently but firmly from her arms, cut off his head, wiped the blade, sheathed it, and sat down, continuing to talk affectionately to his wife as if nothing had happened. After which, says tradition, she became the best and most submissive wife in the world.

A hempecked fellow meeting him next day as he rode with a gallant train through the market place, began to console with him.

"Ah!" said the hempecked, with deep feeling, "you, too, have taken a wife, and got a tyrant. You had better have remained the poor soldier that you were. I pity you from my very heart."

"Not so," replied the ruffler, joyfully; "keep your sights to cool yourself, next summer."

He then related the events of his wed-

ding-night, with their satisfactory results.

The hempecked man listened attentively, and pondered long.

"I also have a sword," said he, "though it is rusty, and my wife is likewise fond of cats. I will cut off the head of my wife's favorite cat at once."

He did so, and received a sound beating. His wife, moreover, made him go down upon his knees and tell her what ghn, or evil spirit, had prompted him to commit the bloody deed.

"Fool!" said the lady, with a vixenish smile, when she had possessed herself of the hempecked's secret, "you should have done it the first night."

MORAL. Advice is useless to fools.

EDW "Why are nails designated by the terms sixpenny, eightpenny," &c? In Shetland, England, where immense quantities of nails are manufactured, they used to be sold in small quantities by the hundred; and the terms fourpenny, sixpenny, &c, referred to such nails as were sold at fourpence, sixpence, &c, per hundred nails. The length of the nails of that day was exactly the same with nails that are now known by those designations.



DRAMATIC.

FIRST LANKOUD SWELL.—"Haw! They're going on still with acting that dandy fellah, Dundreary!"

SECOND DITTO.—"Aw—Ya'aa. It must be a-a-a-a-rewy hard work for a fellah to perform such a-a-cawader ewwy evening."

THE PORTRAIT.

Her hair was a golden brown—
The photograph makes it black;
You may take the portrait out, if you will;
You'll find a look at the back.

Her eyes were a living blue,
And through their splendor rare,
You could gaze right into her soul, and see
The passions that sported there.

Why did we part? God knows!
It may be that she and I
Love still with as true and tender a love
As we aware in the days gone by.

To see a mighty rift
In a mountain, who would think
It was rent in twain by a tiny rill
That had trickled in at a chink.

Needs but an angry thought,
Or a light word, lightly spoken,
And a mountain of love may be rent in twain,
And the chain of life be broken.

You may solder it up, if you will,
But the place will always show;
It's better to do, as she and I—
Far better to let it go.

ADVICE ON SUNDRY SUBJECTS.

Never cut a piece out of a newspaper until you have looked on the other side, where perhaps you may find something more valuable than that which you first intended to appropriate.

Never put salt into your soup before you have tasted it. We have known gentlemen very much enraged by doing so.

Never burn your fingers if you can help it. People burn their fingers every day when they might have escaped if they had been careful.

Don't put your feet upon the table. True, the members of Congress do so, but you are not a member of Congress.

If you form one of a large mixed company, and a diffident stranger enters the room and takes a seat among you, say something to him, for Heaven's sake, even though it be only "Fine evening, sir." Do not let him sit bolt upright, suffering all the apprehensions and agonies of bashfulness, without any relief. Ask how he has been; tell him you know his friend so and so—anything that will do to break the icy stiffness in which very decent fellows are sometimes frozen on their *début* before a new circle.

THE TWINKLING OF THE STARS.

According to M. Arago, astronomers and others have failed to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the twinkling of the stars, on account of their failure to give an exact definition of the term "scintillation."

He affirms then, that, in so far as naked eye observers of the heavens are concerned, scintillations, or twinkling, consist in very rapid fluctuations in the brightness of the stars. These variations are always accompanied by variations of color and secondary effects, which are the immediate consequences of every increase or diminution of brightness; such as considerable alteration in the apparent magnitude of the stars, and in the length of the diverging rays, which appear to issue in different directions from their centers. It has been remarked from a very early age that the phenomena of twinkling is accompanied by a change of color. It is asserted that the name of Barrakash, given by the Arabians to the star Sirius, signifies the star of a thousand colors. M. Arago also asserts that the planets twinkle.

MOTHER-O'-PEARL.—To clean mother-o'-pearl, wash in whiting and water. Soap destroys the brilliancy.

SEALING-WAX may be taken out of table-covers by dissolving the spots with spirits of wine or naphtha. Apply the spirit with a camel's-hair brush.

DUTCH BUTTER may be made by dissolving two ounces of isinglass in a pint of water, with the peel of a lemon; add a pint of white wine, the juice of three lemons, and the yolks of eight eggs well beaten; sweeten to taste. Make it quite hot, but do not let it boil. Strain, and put into moulds.

A FINE CUSTARD PUDDING.—Mix by degrees a pint of good milk with a large spoonful of flour, the yolks of five eggs, some orange-flower water, and a little powdered cinnamon. Butter a basin that will exactly hold it, pour the batter in, and tie a floured cloth over it; put in boiling water over the fire, and turn it about five minutes to prevent the egg going to one side. Half an hour will boil.

EDW GEOGRAPHICAL TABLES TURNED.—It has long been known that Russia makes one daily revolution about the Pole, but only recently established that the Pole purples making one continual revolution about Russia.—*Punch*.

EDW "Among the articles announced for sale at a recent auction, was one entitled a "mahogany child's chair." The father of this wonderful infant must be one of the Wood family.

Agricultural.

TEN RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN MAKING BUTTER.

In making good butter there are several nice operations to be gone through with which require an eye to cleanliness, forethought and some little experience.

1. On milking clean, fast, yet gently, regularly twice a day, depends the success of the dairymen. Bad milkers should not be tolerated in a herd; better pay double the price for good ones.

2. Straining is quite simple, but it should be borne in mind that two pails about half full each will produce a greater amount of cream than the same milk if in but one pail; the reason of this is the greater surface.

3. Scalding is quite an important feature in the way of making butter in cool weather; the cream rises much quicker, milk keeps sweet much longer, the butter is of a better color, and churns in one-half the time.

4. Skimming should always be done before the milk becomes loppered; otherwise much of the cream turns into whey and is lost.

5. Churning, whether by hand or otherwise, should occupy forty or fifty minutes.

6. Washing in cold soft water is one of its preserving qualities, and should be continued until it shows no color of the milk by the use of the ladle; very hard water is highly charged with lime, and must in a measure impart to it alkaline properties.

7. Salting is necessarily done with the best kind of ground salt; the quantity varies according to the state it is taken from the churn; if soft, more; if hard, less; always taking the taste for the surest guide.

8. First working, after about twenty-four hours, is for the purpose of giving it greater compactness.

9. Second working takes place at the time of packing, and when the butter has dissolved the salt, that the brine may be worked out.

10. Packing is done with the hands or with a butter maul; and when butter is put into wooden vessels, they should be soaked two or three days in strong brine before using. After each packing cover the butter with a wet cloth and put a layer of salt upon it; in this way the salt can easily be removed at any time, by simply taking hold of the edges of the cloth.

Butter made in this way will keep any length of time required.—*Genesee Farmer*.

GARDEN WALKS.

As many persons have at this time large heaps of coal ashes, they can dispose of them in no way to better advantage than by hauling them into their garden alleys. Remove from four to six inches of the dirt, and, having screened the ashes, or separated the core and cinders, first apply the coarse stuff, then oyster-shells, if you have any on hand, small stones, glass or pieces of bricks, and top-dress with the ashes. Roll it, and you will have one of the best walks ever seen in a garden. The ashes become very hard, and are never wet, winter or summer, if the weather gives the water the least chance to get away. In summer, in five minutes after a shower there will be scarcely enough moisture to dampen the soles of your shoes.

If there is not sufficient ashes for all the walks, commence with the principal ones, and in a couple of years the garden will be complete. Then, each spring after, give them a slight top-dressing of the ashes, which will about consume your annual stock.—*Germanstown Telegraph*.

WHAT BERRUBERY SHALL I PLANT?

Every one acquainted with the subject, has his preferences or rather fancy as to the flowering shrubs. But there is a group of them which, by universal consent, every one admires and desires to see upon his premises. They are as follows:—The several Spiraea, especially Reevsii and Prunifolia; Deutzia Gracilis, Forsythia Veridissima, Colutea Arborensis, Wiesen Apple, Pericanthus Magnolia Soulangeana, Gelia Roses, Snow-Ball, Philadelphus Coronatus, Pyrus Japonica, Double-flowering Chi-Magnolia Conspicua, Mist Tree, Weeping Cherry, Persian Lilac, Enonymus, Flowering Almond, Double-flowering Peach, &c.

There are numerous others which, when carefully cultivated, are very pretty and add much to the floricultural appearance of the premises.—*Germanstown Telegraph*.

ANSWER TO GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM by Daniel Diefenbach, published March 7, 1863.

Answer to ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM by Percival Jewett, published March 23, 1863.

Answer to my MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM by Artemas Martin, published March 28, 1863.

Answer to PROBLEM, by Verona, published March 14th, is, stress on each chain 20.301 pounds or 20½ pounds nearly.